Vol. CXVII. No. 1516.



London, July 16, 1930

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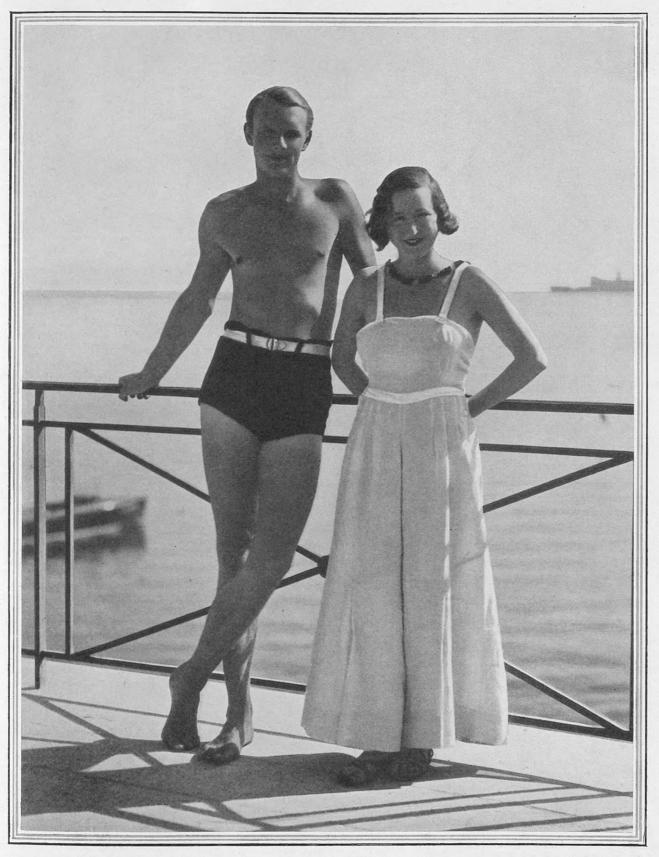
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SUN-BATHING AT MONTE: MR. DEREK STUDLEY-HERBERT AND THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD

Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert's and the Countess of Seafield's marriage in January of this year was a very quiet one, and took place at St. James', Piccadilly. Lady Seafield is a Countess in her own right, as when her father, James, 11th Earl of Seafield, died of his wounds in 1915, though the Barony of Strathspey and the Baronetcy devolved upon his brother, the Earldom descended under Scottish law to his only child, the present peeress

The Letters of Eve



THE CONSERVATIVE GATHERING AT BOWOOD PARK LAST WEEK

Dennis Moss

A group of the house-party at Bowood, Lord and Lady Lansdowne's seat, where there was a great concentration of the Conservative clans under the banner of the Conservative and Unionist Association of Chippenham and Devizes. Lord Melchett, who has a great talent for straight talking, was the principal speaker. Included in this group are: The Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lady Katherine FitzMaurice, Lord and Lady Melchett, Captain and Mrs. Cazalet, General Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy, Miss Gathorne-Hardy, Lady Rachel Stewart, Mrs. Cyril Ward, Mrs. Somerset, Captain and Mrs. Hood, Mrs. Cowley, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hurd, Major Gwatkin, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hurd, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Lord Roundway, Rosalind, Lady Roundway, Sir Audley Neeld, General and Mrs. Calley, Lord and Lady Walter Hervey, the Countess of Malmesbury, Mrs. Creswick, Miss Tennant, Major Despencer Robertson, and Miss Despencer Robertson

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1. HE sea, the salt sea, and nothing but the sea will satisfy me, my dear, whilst this lovely weather lasts. Don't think I'm complaining at having to be in London. There is no one I despise more than the person who wilts and flaps at the first hint of summer, unless it be he who Brrrrrs when winter comes. Curiously enough the culprits are usually identical, so whatever you do don't be numbered among them. There is no doubt that water is good stuff to be on or in when the sun shines, and Bembridge can produce as good a sample for both purposes as anywhere in the British Isles.

The three days' regatta known as the "Under Tyne" meeting there was most kindly attended by the sun and an adequate wind. An additional honour was paid it by the King of Spain, who brought over his 8-metre to compete in the races for this new class. The Bembridge Sailing Club has always had the reputation of being second to none in exclusiveness. It was able to live up to its name quite by accident and an unexpected change in His Majesty's plans. Arriving earlier than was anticipated, he had some difficulty in establishing his identity, and it was only after waiting patiently on a friendly lobster pot that he was told what the programme for the day was to be.

However, once under way, everything went with a swing, though unfortunately the royal visitor was unable to sail nearer to success than



Dennis Moss

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND MAJOR-GENERAL T. C. P. CALLEY

At the Conservative meeting of which a group is given in the top picture. General Calley was at one time Colonel of the 1st Life Guards, and his war service dates back to the operations against Arabi Pashi in 1882, and he was with the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry in South Africa

second place on the final day. He had a toughish problem to tackle, competing against the Islanders, for the women are as knowledgeable as the men. Miss Evelyn Moreton and her sister, Mrs. Phillips, know every ripple on the water, and their cousin, Miss Jean Cochrane is in constant demand as skipper and good companion, her conversation being both original and fluent. Sir Ralph Gore and Mr. Tom Thorneycroft are usually leading figures in all important regattas. Major George Hodgkinson, the owner of Tyne Hall, which over-looks the scene of this particular meeting, is a remarkably successful sailor considering that he has only one arm for controlling those wayward appliances with which boats abound. stoical comment, on losing its fellow some years ago, was reputed to be, "there goes my wrist-watch!" Whilst on the subject of the deep, I hear that the America Cup challenger had a great send off after the finish of the Clyde Fortnight. Sirens screamed their loudest, guns and maroons contributed their special salutes, and everyone who could ran up signals of good luck to the latest representative of the famous line of Shamrocks. Her flags to date number, I believe, nineteen, namely, fifteen firsts and four seconds.

Why is it that as every season wends its entertaining way a number of those engaged in exploring its possibilities are quite certain to say that it is the dullest ever known? One can only imagine that they have been unfortunate in their invitations.

No. 1516, JULY 16, 1930] THE TATLER

Baroness d'Erlanger's party, at any rate, was as good as anyone could wish for, she being one of those hostesses who can always be depended on to think out some very satisfactory plan of amusement. Her big house in Piccadilly certainly encourages the party spirit, and it was not surprising that at three o'clock in the morning everything was still in full swing. Madeleine Grey's enchanting voice added to the evening's entertainment, and Serge Lifar danced several times in the intervals of our own more ponderous and prosaic prancings.

Though Lifar has been coming to London for so many years now, it is curious that he still now, it is curious that he still cannot speak our language. However this extremely modest genius talks fluent French, and French seemed to be the language of the evening at this party, for I noticed a great number of visitors from foreign parts. However, our own youth and beauty was well represented, the most striking examples perhaps being Lady Milbanke and three Dianas—little Lady Diana Abdy, a charming vision in dark blue, Miss Diana Fellowes in an attractive pink frock, and Miss Diana Churchill. Sir Philip Sassoon, the Marquis de Pallavicini, and Lord and Lady Alington

were further proofs of good value in guests.

Aren't people jading what the occasion, invariably fit to it a "saw" badly blunted by over-use? They are in the same category as the hostess who asks if you have everything you want; a query to which the only possible answer is, "Who has?" However, presumably there will be lots of people re-quoting the adage

Derbyshire's nicest places and houses some admirable pictures of the Italian school, several of which Captain Drury - Lowe has himself restored by a special and re-markably successful process. It entails, among other ingredients, an unlimited supply both of patience and



AT LE TOUQUET: MR. T. WELDON, MRS. DONALD STONEHAM, AND LADY WELDON

Who were part of the invading (golf) force from Buck's Club, Mr. Terance Weldon is a son of Lady Weldon and the youngest brother of the present baronet, Sir Anthony Weldon

about one wedding producing another now that Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere's engagement to Mr. John Drury-Lowe has followed so quickly on her rôle of bridesmaid to Lady Ava. Colonel Hope-Vere's daughter is a pretty young person who plays golf with zest (as becomes a native of North Berwick), has the right ideas about frocks, and is excellent company. Her accomplice, the only son of Captain and Mrs. Drury-Lowe of Locko Park, is in the Scots Guards, and has lately been A.D.C. to Sir Alexander Godley, the Governor of Gibraltar, which experience, with its attendant entertaining, should prove valuable when he is a host in himself.

Locko is one



HOUSTOUN - BOSWALL LADY DAUGHTER, MISS HOUSTOUN-BOSWALL PHŒBE

Lady Houstoun-Boswall is the widow of Houstoun-Boswall, Grenadier Guards, who was killed in action in 1915, and was succeeded by his brother. Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswell was the only child

rain-water heated to the exact temperature of the room. Mrs. Drury-Lowe has great artistic diligence, too, and some of her wonderful church embroidery is to be found in the chapel at Locko. -0°-

Anthony Weldon Actors and actresses are certainly long-suffering. No matter how alluringly the country calls at this time of year, they have to present themselves night after night to play in a hot theatre to a hot audience which is frequently too languid to applaud even their most sparkling lines. However I must say Miss Gwendolyn Hammond looked remarkably well on it when I met her lunching in Soho the other day. She is a very charming product of Canada, and last year was over here purely as a young lady of fashion. Then, having dutifully done a season under parental protection (her father, by the way, owns the "Fortnightly Review" and two ranches), Miss Hammond insisted on realizing her ambition of studying for the stage. This she did at the R.A.D.A., and when I tell you that she went straight from there to play in Nine till Six, you will very rightly surmise that she has plenty of talent.

A nother luncher on this particular day was Miss Leith, who, as you may remember, was concerned with Miss Cicely O'Brien in that bad air crash which resulted in Miss O'Brien losing her leg. She is, I hear, flying busily again now; pretty gallant, don't you think? Miss Leith herself was severely damaged, though in a lesser degree, but she also has refused to let the crash affect her nerve, and pilots herself into the blue as often as she can spare the time. Engines have always been her passion, and it was very interesting hearing her views on the potentialities of the glider if fitted with a small auxiliary. Like all air-minded persons, Lord Burgh's sister insists that flying is one of the safest methods of swift transport.

had two opportunities last week of seeing for myself that Princess Takamatsu fully justifies the chorus of admiration which has greeted her arrival in this country. The first was at Lady Wavertree's pleasant tennis party in her cool garden at Sussex Lodge, and the second at the corner of this square where

(Continued on p. 96)

The summer meeting at Nottingham was run in gorgeous sun as was everything else last week. Mrs. Jackson is probably better known as the actress, Miss Kitty Reidy. Mrs. Jackson is an Australian, and has had many successes in musical plays

AT NOTTINGHAM RACES: CAPTAIN AND MRS. JACKSON

A BROTHER TO ASSIST HER

Prince George Chavchavadze with his sister, Princess Marina Chavchavadze, who was in attendance on Miss Maysie Gasque when she married Mr. John Roland Robinson at St. Margaret's. There were twelve grown-up bridesmaids walking in single file, and representing five different countries, namely, England, U.S.A., Italy, Germany, and Russia

overcome any conversational difficulty. Continuing my pedestrianism along the square, the Argentine Minister met my gaze, busily engaged in fumbling for change with which to pay his taxi. Then I betook myself to lunch at a favourite haunt and found that Mr. Michael Arlen had had the same idea. His contemplative attitude and expression suggested that copy for his next book, now overdue, was at hand.

Some brand new babies who have lately come to join us include a son for Lord and Lady Scone and one for Captain and Mrs. Donald Erskine too. Mrs. Erskine's

Mrs. Donald Erskine too. Mrs. Erskine's father, Mr. Lloyd Baxendale, is one of the mainstays of Newbury Races, and deserves congratulation for the excellent manner in which the meetings are run. The baby's aunt, Miss Vida Erskine, has the advantage of a lovely voice, which she is often encouraged to exercise. As his father is a good horseman and more than an average polo player, the new-comer will have a variety of interests in which to join when he feels inclined. Mrs. Eric Long is also responsible for the introduction of a young citizen, so the week's vintage seems to be an extra good one.

To write adequately about Lady Louis Mountbatten's Midnight Revue at the Pavilion last Thursday would fill pages. As it is I hardly know whether to begin with the all-star programme or the all-star audience, richly sprinkled as it was with notabilities of every kind. In any case, though, I think that its object had better come first. And that was the Prince of Wales' Personal Fund for the British Legion, which benefited to the huge amount of £11,000 clear of all expenses. A magnificent effort, for which Lady Louis, Mrs. Frank Braham, Mr. Cochran, and all their helpers deserve a very special word

THE LETTLERS OF EVE-continued

I encountered H.R.H. as she was leaving the Japanese Embassy. The Princess certainly is entran cing to look upon and though I believe she speaks no European language I can well imagine that her charm would easily of praise. The Prince himself, who sat in the stage box with Lady Louis, stayed until the very end, obviously delighted with everything. And he must have been a little touched to find the large crowd which waited in the Circus until 4 a.m. just to catch a glimpse of him.

But to return to the inside of the theatre. Youth and beauty met me on every side as I went in. Masses of lovely young persons were selling programmes and cigarettes. Two of the prettiest I thought were Miss Alvilde Bridges and Miss Margaret Whigham. And as I sat down I caught glimpses of such varied types of decorativeness as the Marchesa de Casa Maury, Mrs. James Beck, Lady Carlisle, Lady Londonderry with her famous pendant earrings, Lady Curzon in her favourite all-white toilette, and Lady Cholmondeley. There were dozens more but I have no room to mention them all. Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry, she a radiant vision in pale-blue satin, were in the audience until they gave us their delightful little sketch on the disadvantages of modern progress. They had come over specially to do it, and the Prince had a long talk with them afterwards outside his box.

A mong the men were Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who resembles Mr. Sacha Guitry more and more, and the smiling and immaculate Lord Westmorland. But I am forgetting the programme, whose only fault was that it was a trifle too long owing to the eagerness of everyone to help so excellent a cause. Violet Loraine charmed with her old songs, and Ivy St. Helier with her new imitations. The tableaux of Lady Louis' own collection of Old Masters were most effective, and one couldn't help thinking what an interesting experience it must have been for their owner to see her pictures thus presented. No in - between waits marred their continuity, and beauties like Miss Diana Fellowes, Lady Furness, and Lady Moira Combe were in them. The prize



VISIBILITY GOOD

Air-Marshal Lord Trenchard, Lady Trenchard, and the Hon. Lady Salmond (left) keeping a sharp lookout at Hanworth for the return of the King's Cup contestants

> for posing, though, must go to Miss Peggy - Gordon - Moore. I wish I could say more about all the other engaging and amusing items which filled the bill of this triumphantly successful affair, but time flies, and so must I.-Love, EVE.



TEE TIME AT LE TOUQUET

Lord Westmorland and Mr. Frank Covell, two participants in the Bucks Club Golf Tournament which was a recent week-end feature of Le Touquet. It was won by Lord Blandford

AT CORK SHOW: MR. AND MRS. E. S. VOSS AND (centre) MR. E. ROHAN

Mr. and Mrs. Voss are American visitors from Jersey City, and were buying a number of horses at this Show, America always being a good customer for a first-class hunter. Mr. Rohan is the son of the late Mr. Jerry Rohan, who was Master of the United Hounds, 1922-23



ALSO AT CORK SHOW: MR. AND MRS. STANLEY HOWARD

Mr. Stanley Howard, who is very well known in the world of sport in Ireland and England, has owned two Grand National winners, Eremon, who won in 1907, ridden by Newey, in a field of twenty-three runners, and Jenkinstown, who won in 1910, ridden by R. Chadwick, and started at 100 to 8, in a field of twenty-five. The owners who have won the National twice are not exactly numerous

BOTH SIDES OF ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL



MISS JOAN VERNEY

Whose engagement to the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, Lord and Lady Boyne's eldest son, was announced recently. Miss Joan Verney is the only daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney. Sir Harry Lloyd Verney is a Groom-in-Waiting and Private Secretary to H.M. the Queen. Lady Joan Verney is a Woman of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty



"GEORGES" AND SALLY O'NEIL IN "HOLD EVERYTHING"

The kind of film which must suit Georges Carpentier, as it will remind him of the strenuous times when he had a close acquaintanceship with one Jack Dempsey. The film will be released shortly

THE new film at the Plaza is entitled Ladies Love Brutes, and has been put together by a Mr., Mrs., or Miss Zoe Akins. I have never known, and nobody has been able to tell me, whether Zane Grey is man or woman. And I hesitate equally to make any definite pronouncement in the case of anybody called Zoe. That some women desire to be beaten by some men is true, but it is also true that the beating should be a prelude to more devotional exercises on the part of the tyrannical male. This peculiar whim, caprice, or what you like, forms the basis of each and every one of the master-pieces of Miss Ethel M. Dell, who is probably unaware that the desire for brutality has long been docketed and given a name by recognized authorities on sexual eccentricity. But it does not take a very widely reflective mind to perceive that the brute who desires to be loved must choose his moment for brutality. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Higgins, the charlady, who has just put on her hat in order to go over the road to talk to her colleague, Mrs. Spiggott-it is not to be supposed that this lady will be wildly entranced if Mr. Higgins should choose the moment of her sallying forth to knock out her two last teeth and black her remaining eye. Our police-court reports do, in fact, abundantly testify that masochism under £5,000 a year—better say £10,000 since, as Wilde's Mrs. Erlynne observed, margin is everything!—is not popular. Ladies love brutes on two conditions only: first, that the ladies concerned are expensive ladies, and second, that the brutes are only brutal in a boudoir sort of way. A playful cut with a jewelled cane is one thing. A back-hander from the fist of a beery gentleman who has just emerged from his favourite public-house is another. I shall never forget an enchanting scene in an entrancing novel, I think by Miss Dell, in which an heiress, masquerading as a stable-boy, and wearing some delicious velvet corduroys, bent over the taffrail of a cattlerancher's yacht in the Mediterranean and for some trifling negligence was horse-whipped by that tempestuous cow-puncher! This scene always comes to mind whenever I witness a film in which Mr. George Bancroft subdues that haughty insolence by which humble and adoring little hearts are cinematically known. I think there can be no doubt that the new film at the Plaza in which Mr. Bancroft enacts a sky-scraping king in love with a society or sky-scraping lady will be highly popular with the ladies. I have no doubt whatever that it will be equally popular with the brutes.

The new film at the Empire is the talkie version of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's *The High Road*. This, as a play, was a capital tale of how a young nobleman fell in love with a musical-comedy actress. He very much wanted to marry the actress, but she did not want to marry him, being merely flattered by the aristocratic nature of the young gentleman's connections. The young woman might almost be described as possessing the Garvicious mind of the reader of sixpenny novels. The sprig's father, who appeared to have derived his knowledge of middle and lower class life from the same bookstall, decided to buy off

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

Three Films

the harpy in the same way in which a nobleman of an older story, on receiving the news that his undergraduate son was about to marry an Oxford barmaid, tossed the letter and a blank cheque to his butler, saying: "Just run down, Timms, and settle this for me, will you?" His present lordship's method was even more impersonal. He put his offer of £5,000 into writing, which so annoyed the boy that he rushed hatless into Fleet Street and had his father's letter published in the evening papers. Whereupon the actress decided to marry the young man, largely, one supposes, to show her dearest rivals that she was "above" £5,000. The reader will remember how the actress's father, a bookmaker, was wildly upset at the notion that his daughter could so bemean herself as to give up her profession and marry into the aristocracy! He even went so far as to offer the noble lord £5,000 to buy off his daughter! Later on, the actress tired of the boy and fell in love with a Duke who had been hanging around. His Grace now found himself under the necessity of throwing over the married lady whose lover he had been for four years. That could be arranged, however, and the pair decided to make a match of it. They were going to throw their bombshell after dinner when a distant and more alarming gun went off. The husband of the lady who lived in Paris died. Now if the actress had remained a consistent character she would simply have remarked: sorry, of course, but that's her trouble, and has nothing to do with me." But she didn't say anything of the kind. Instead she put on a tragic air and said that even if she married the Duke the widow would come between their embraces, or words to that effect. And making His Grace telephone to Paris that he was going over at once to do the proper thing, i.e. marry the widow, she swam up-stage in a flood of tears and the resolve to go back to the profession. Which she did. On the whole a very good story, and on the whole the film-version has not done it much harm. I see that my friend and colleague, Mr. Sydney Carroll, says: "The High Road is the sort of picture to which you may take an American cousin and celebrate the Fourth of For it makes English society folk appear supremely snobbish and ridiculous." I do not quite see the point of this second sentence since the society folk as pictured by Mr. Lonsdale were as supremely snobbish and ridiculous as need be, thank you. Mr. Lonsdale has this quality in common with Charles Dickens, that he is apparently totally unable to draw a gentleman. But perhaps this is not being quite fair to Dickens, who had, I think, one success in that line—Sir Leicester Dedlock. Even when Mr. Fred Kerr played Lord Crayle on the stage he could not redeem the character from being, beneath its veneer of senility, an utter cad and bounder; and it is an extraordinary tribute to the masterfulness of Mr. Lonsdale's writing that he could prevent Mr. Kerr from looking like a gentleman, a feat never accomplished within my experience by any other playwright. Miss Ruth Chatterton enjoys herself in the film and will doubtless give the usual satisfaction to her numerous admirers.

In continuance of the policy of occasionally looking in at suburban houses, I visited last week a place of entertainment Kilburn way and spent the evening watching a Zeppelin, apparently made out of india-rubber, impale itself upon the South Pole, which appeared to be made out of rock-salt. I don't know, of course, but it looked to me as though the whole film had been made in a back-garden at Elstree. The captain of the Zeppelin decided to perish so that his second-in-command, who was his wife's lover, might be rescued. Whereupon the wife, instead of falling into her lover's arms wept because she really preferred her husband. Which the self-sacrificing ass ought to have known. It is enormously to the credit of Kilburn audiences that they tittered. Then the husband came back too, and the Kilburn audience laughed out loud. As Abraham Lincoln said, you can fool the West End but yow can't fool Kilburn!

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxii

LAST WEEK'S GATHERINGS



CAPTAIN C. T. I. ROARK, LADY JOWITT, AND MISS PENELOPE JOWITT AT ROEHAMPTON



LADY GUGGISBERG AND SIR JOHN SANDEMAN ALLEN, M.P.



LORD AND LADY VIVIAN AND THEIR DEBUTANTE DAUGHTER

Last Wednesday at Roehampton there was not only the British Empire Garden Party to attract visitors, but also a memorable polo match. The contestants were the Ashton brothers and the Roarks, in which team Mr. T. I. Roark played No. 1 with his three sons behind him. Australia beat Ireland, though a good rally was made by the latter's representatives in the last chukker. Lady Jowitt is the wife of the Member for Preston, and Sir John Sandeman Allen represents the West Derby Division of Liverpool. Miss Vanda Vivian has been enjoying her first season exceedingly



AT BIBURY: GENERAL THE HON. CHARLES AND MRS. LAMBTON



LADY NOREEN BASS AND LORD ADARE IN THE PADDOCK

The Bibury Club meeting, where these three pictures were taken, is invariably good fun and manages to retain that exclusiveness for which it has always been renowned. Many regular supporters of racing were present, among them Sir William Bass' wife and Lord Adare. General Lambton, Lord Durham's uncle, lives in Berkshire. Mr. Jeffreys, who is engaged to Lord Normanton's youngest daughter, is the only son of Major-General Sir George Jeffreys and Lady Cantelupe. His parents have a place in Hampshire, but owing to Sir George's appointment as G.O.C. Wessex Divison they spend some months of the year at Government House, Mount Wise. Lady Cantelupe, though she broke her hip out hunting three years ago, is still an exceedingly good tennis player



LADY ROSEMARY AGAR AND HER FIANCE, MR. CHRISTOPHER JEFFREYS

RACING RAGOUT "GUARDRAIL"

THE Thursday at Newmarket was by far the most interesting day of the meeting. The Princess of Wales Stakes makes out last year's three-year-olds to have been of no account and, with the exception of Press Gang, who, unfortunately, was not left in the classics, this year's seem to be far worse. Sir Cosmo won the July Cup with some ease, though Qurrat-al-Ain was unlucky. His forlorn price was presumably due to his Fred Karno turn at Ascot, where he appeared, surely the only horse that has ever done so, in a double bridle. A tremendous horse with a neck like a bull, he pulls a hurricane, and his jockey is the lad who rides him in his work and is selected largely for his abnormal strength. Racing at Salisbury for the Bibury meeting was as nearly perfect as possible in the glorious weather, and nothing could be more like a point-to-point on a large scale. Even the hardhearted automatons with the satchels look on it as an outing in the country with a first-class lunch and very amusing racing. The paddock and members' enclosure are crowded with the various local house-parties from Wilton, Highclere, Stockbridge, Seven Barrows, etc., for unless staying in the neighbourhood the crab to the meeting is its inaccessibility. For these outlying meetings what a godsend an aeroplane would be. Colonel and Mrs. Cripps, who incidentally had a winner at the meeting, had two friends who arrived for the week-end in one. Landing in front of the house, they tied the thing to a gate and left it there, where it gave no trouble and needed no washing. On the Monday morning they filled it up with corn and wine and oil, gave it a job in the mouth, and were off in one stride. One can, however, visualize a goodish shemozzle on the landing-ground near a race-course with half-a-dozen professionals in a hurry to be in time to back the winner of the two-year-old selling.

To revert to Bibury, Mr. Alec Cottrill won the first winner on Lord Derby's Norland, and the result would have been the same had his lordship been in the dish with

AT BIBURY: THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. TUFTON

On Bibury Cup Day at the gentlemen riders' favourite hunting-ground. The Hon. Henry Tufton is Lord Hothfield's son and heir, and was formerly in the 15th/19th Hussars. Mrs. Tufton is a daughter of the late Mr. William Raphael and Mrs. Raphael

him much had he in hand. In the mile and threequarters race, however, things went wrong for him. The man with the

white flag was placed on the course only about twenty yards from the gate, and dropping his flag with a clatter as the gate rise Cherry King whipped round and shot Mr. Cottrill on to his feet, a rather perfect landing than his father has been known to make in the hunting field. He was up again like a catburglar, but with a loss of nearly a hundred yards' start and a pedal missing he



OVER THE LIVE RAILS: THE ELECTRIC HARE AND THE GREY HATS

The "Hare" is Miss Sybil Hare, who is a familiar figure to all those who go the round of the meetings, and the bookie is Jim Santry, also very well known. Miss Sybil Hare owns some horses, including the hurdler Vic's Choice, and is also well known up Melton way in the hunting season

couldn't quite do it, and was just beat for third place after riding his horse hard all the last three-quarters of a mile. Mr. 'Ginger" Wellesley sat nice and still to win on Medarlin, who had plenty in hand, while most of the other riders got a great deal of exercise riding a finish to which their horses seemed to pay as much attention as the stuffed dog in the Burlington Arcade does to the passers by.

Mr. Benson (Duggie), who hasn't had much luck for a year or two, has got it all of a heap, and after winning three races last week he won the valuable Norman Court Stakes with Lord Bobs. Gordon Richards, knowing he was on a stayer, jumped him off, and increasing his lead every stride, the race was in safe keeping a mile from home, the rest being so far behind that it was a question if they'd find which way he'd gone. Let's hope that the sweetness wasn't taken out of the win by finding at home that the enthusiastic Sir Edward had wired a monkey for it at the "off."

Barring the amateur riders' races, all the good things and well-backed horses seemed to come unstuck all through the meeting, and if I don't know the submerged tenth, I know exactly who the eleventh is.

Even on this downland the going is getting too hard and nothing of much account was sent to run. In the last race on the Wednesday the arrivals were so bad that Fred Darling wired from the course to Beckhampton to send Blue Veil to run, and it wasn't by very much that she was beaten. This was won by Mr. Ryan's American horse, Parchment, to follow up the victory at Newmarket of another of his American horses, Instigator.

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VIEWING THE 'VARSITIES VIEING FOR VICTORY







SIR THOMAS BUTLER



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD PLUMER AND LADY PLUMER



LORD AND LADY WRAXALL



SIR HARRY STONOR



SIR CLEMENT AND LADY KINLOCH-COOKE

On the second day of the Oxford and Cambridge match the camera did not miss any chances and was busy snapping up passing notabilities. Here are some of them. As is the custom at this particular encounter at Lord's, men's outfits were variable, but several grey toppers gave quite an Ascot effect to the scene. Mr. Kennerley Rumford and his wife, Dame Clara Butt, were early arrivals, and another very interested spectator was Sir Thomas Butler, who has lately retired from being Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod to the House of Lords. Viscount Plumer who, with Lord Allenby, ranks third in seniority in the list of Field Marshals, will be seventy-three this year. Lord Wraxall, formerly Colonel G. A. Gibbs, married the Hon. Ursula Lawley as his second wife in 1927. Sir Harry Stonor is a Groom-in-Waiting to His Majesty, and Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, a former editor of "The Observer," was member for Devonport for thirteen years, and subsequently represented East Cardiff

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MRS. ARCHIE HAY

Who was chairman of the successful Social Service Ball held at Claridge's last week. Mrs. Hay is a daughter of Mr. Herbert Stourton, and her sister married Mr. Frank Bellville last year WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Richard King

own purse, finds eventually within his mind a wilderness so arid that it can only bloom on Edgar Wallace and the sillier talkies.

Royal Art Collections.

f the only real and permanent happiness lies in creating something, as I firmly believe it does (all other forms of happiness let one down badly at last), then the late Sir Lionel Cust, K.C.V.O., was a happy and a fortunate man. His interesting book, "King Edward and His Court" (Murray. 12s.), is something more than a delightfully gossipy book of royal personages, it is the story of a very absorbing and therefore a very happy life. An authority on pictures and furniture and decoration, Fate gave him a unique opportunity to express his love and knowledge of them in a creative way. On the death of Queen Victoria he was appointed Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Works of Art. This meant that he had the cataloguing, the sorting, the re-sorting, and the re-arrangement of the whole of the Royal Art collections at Windsor, Buckingham Palace, Balmoral, and Osborne. A vast undertaking, because the late Queen had had neither taste nor knowledge; the rubbish, the good, the less good, and the unique, being massed all together and scattered throughout all the Royal residences. Sir Lionel had the opportunity to bring something like artistic order out of sentimental chaos—an appointment in which he was not only allowed to express his own desire for beautiful arrangements, but which was, because he loved it; a veritable labour of love. And also because one can never really know anyone until one has met him intimately in either his garden or his home, it gave him a unique opportunity to meet the late King Edward and his family-less as Royalty, and more as human The result is that in the pages of this most interesting and gossipy book you get a clearer picture of King Edward and his Court than maybe in a dozen volumes wherein statesmen and courtiers place on record their reminiscences. Sir Lionel met the late King and his family on the common ground of their Royal homes—informally—linked to them by a mutual interest in the love of beautiful possessions. So I would rather take this estimate of King Edward's character as being nearer the truth than half-a-hundred of those estimates published from purely official sources. "He was quite conscious himself," he writes, "of the fact that he was a very ordinary man, with no particular excellences in any one direction. He had, however,

always before his mind the example of his mother, who, although never possessed of anything like excep-tional intellectual qualities, attained practice and judicious exercise a grasp of the art of constitutional Government which her son inherited from her. It struck me during the time when I was thrown so much in his company that the best thing for King Edward was hard work and social duty, for he could not bear solitude even for a few minutes, and had no resources of his own, no private hobbies, no love of books with which he could occupy himself when off duty.

(Continued on p. 104)



CAPTAIN J. R. WHITE

Whose amazing autobiography, "Misfit," has just been published. The son of the famous Field-Marshal who defended Ladysmith (the late Sir George White), a Captain and D.S.O., yet he turned revolutionary and founded the Irish Citizen Army which set light to the Irish Rising of 1916

Beauty and Ugliness.

WONDER why

invariably the ugliest buildings in any town or village are the chapels and the National Schools? As if there could be no possible compromise between the often tawdry splendour of the average Roman Catholic Church and the arid hideousness of the average temple of Methodist persuasion. As devil lurked verv behind anything in the least pleasing the eve! if any building de-

voted to mass-education should relentlessly resemble the dullness of the teaching methods applied within! So the most impressionable years of the majority of children are passed within homes and schools the dreary ugliness of which could only breed an indifference to beautiful things and resignation to everything offensive to the æsthetic eye. Or if utility must of necessity be allied to the baleful and the hideous, as is apparently the case in all governmental and dissenting architectural minds, why cannot there be just a few articles of beauty on which the eye could rest happily and the mind find inspiration? Why cannot even schools be filled at least by pictures which subtly can teach those who gaze upon them an appreciation of Small things maybe, but who knows what a large part they might play in the formation of character, which after all is the real education of youth? But no! A few maps and an occasional reproduction of a religious picture in common photogravure is all which the educational authorities offer in the way of visual interest. Meanwhile their buildings and their chapels are invariably an eyesore even when the surroundings are otherwise squalid. Where these surroundings are lovely . . . words fail to express their unnecessary offensiveness. For unnecessary it is! The gas-works are often less displeasing. The education of the mind through vision is even now only little understood. The utter lack of appreciation of natural beauties, the gay desecration of the countryside, the mild protests, mostly ignored, against slums and all those dreadful houses which jerry-builders are permitted to erect at will, are a terrible slur on the real progress of our much-vaunted civilization. As if drains and sanitary dust-bins more than compensated the world for the lost glory which was Greece. When, years ago, I used to frequent picture galleries at every available opportunity, I used to pity and to sneer at the Poor Old Things who used to spend their lives copying masterpieces, the fate of which copies was, and still is, a mystery. I used to think about wasted lives and all that sort of thing. Now I realize that I was to be pitied and sneered at, who have wasted so much of my life in unelevating aims and trumpery ambitions. These Poor Old Things were living—if not the life they would have chosen, since I suppose they all desired to become great, independent painters—at least a life surrounded by the things they loved, things which, beautiful in themselves, made their lives beautiful also. Failures though they may have been, and poor as unthoubtedly they were, I am not quite sure that they were not more truly civilized and successful than if they had grown comparatively rich working in an underground office, living in a depressing row, and spending their spare time yelling wildly at a football match. It is impossible to live continuously with beauty without being impregnated by something of the fineness which is art. I count, therefore, the beauty-lover who, poor though he be, lives for and among the things he loves, a greater human success than the man who, aiming at nothing but his

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66 DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE"

By George Belcher



First Lady: Busy little party Mrs. Green, ain't she. Always seems to be runnin' up and down Second Lady: Yes, what with runnin' up bills and runnin' down 'er friends she don't 'ave much spare time

FRIENDS—continued WITH SILENT

I have been disposed to think, since my acquaintance with King Edward, that the great misfortune of his life—a misfortune shared by his country—was that his mother lived too long, not too long in the general sense of the word, but too long for the welfare of her son and successor."

That Edwardian "Smart Set."

Outside his official duties the late King Edward only demanded O to be amused. The Royal set was more decorative than intellectual. It still kept up a dignified aristocratic pretence, but underneath they had "gone Bohemian," and old ladies were convinced that Queen Victoria must surely be turning over and over in her grave! Or should it be "gone native"? Anyway they had style, a certain background. Both are to-day sadly lacking in Society. They were immoral below the surface, but the surface at any rate was preserved unruffled from open

scandal. Morally they may have been hypocrites, but outwardly, at least, they did not cultivate the effrontery of money-grabbing house-In that brilliant maids. In novel, "The Edwardians' (The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.), Miss Violet Sackville-West gives us a biting satire of the Society which basked in the friendship of the late King. It is easy to realize that the background of the story is Knole. character in this book is wholly fictitious," she tells us. An intriguing pronounce-Yet how amusing ment! and interesting it all is! The characters are certainly not a moral collection, but how convincing they are! a great extent, too, the story is a social chronicle. It shows us the last stand, as it were, of the ancient aristocratic exclusiveness against the inroads of money and the democratic idea. The surface remained apparently intact, but beneath this surface disintegration was moving apace. The virtue of wealth was superseding the other social virtues. Society was beginning to advertise itself by its antics, but not deliberately by self-advertisement. To be well dressed and to be rich had already begun to supersede the necessity of being wellborn. To be well-dressed, rich, and amusing gave one usually the right of entrance into the Royal Enclosure. Above all, however,

open scandal" still remained the Eleventh Commandment. It had not yet become almost a social recommendation. Whatever they might do, the world must never know anything about it except by hearsay. It is a devastating picture which Miss Sackville-West draws-amusing, truthful, and quite unmoral. She knows what she has written about, and so the reality of it reads almost as a satire—which is always the impression left by truth truthfully outlined. It is one of the outstanding novels of the present season.

Vicarious Adventuring.

L ife, of course, is always much more exciting than fiction if only we can get at the real story of it; which, with the exception of our own, we so rarely can. And this explains, perhaps, the popularity of the thriller. Thrillers seem to pour out of the press. The marvellous way in which Nature never repeats herself even when she has to place two eyes, a nose, a a couple of ears, and a mouth on every face, is only a little greater than the variety which can be made up around the

simple fact of a murder. Among one of the latest batch of this type of fiction is Willard K. Smith's "The Bowery Murder" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), not a masterpiece in its class perhaps, but quite an exciting yarn. The manner in which it is related is original without however being very successful. extracts from New York journals, linked by occasional notes, does not make the intricate plot very easy to follow. However the one who was murdered well deserved it. Unfortunately so many people would have been justified in committing this crime that the police had the widest possible field to suspect. Each in his or her turn, most of the characters are arrested, yet the final solution of the mystery is as well concealed and as ingenious as anything I have read for a long while. Which, of course, stamps the story as a success, since in a tale of this kind suspense and mystery are all that matter. There is plenty of both in Mr. Willard K. Smith's new thriller.



Angry Member (shocked by bad language he has heard): Excuse me, sir, are you the secretary of this club?

Secretary: Yes
Angry Member: Well, do you allow obscene language in the place?

Secretary: Rather! Swear away as much as you like

The Heroic "Ninny."

Firm of jaw, blue of eye, sternly honest, handsome, brave, chivalrous, Starr Bladon, the hero of Miss Doris Westwood's novel bearing the hero's name (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is all a romantic film fan could desire. He lives grandly within the pages of a book, but might be cordially disliked outside them. Such a self-gorified "ninny" as never was! He was not really a Bladon, however, being only an adopted son of the Bladons on the death of his parents when he was a small child. His "sister," Joan Bladon, didn't know this when she ran away from her luxurious home and asked Starr to provide her with another one, and with him, in London, where he had become a portrait painter. However, his explanation does not complicate matters to the extent of Joan going somewhere else. With the result that they fall in love. But Starr believes in abstinence as a road to spiritual development, and so he sends her off to Switzerland with a young man who might be expected to marry her. Only, of course, he doesn't, because this kind of story demands that true lovers shall be united in the last chapter. Which, in this instance, they are once more; and a competently written but somewhat drearily unoriginal story reaches its ultimate kiss.

Somewhat Disappointing.

M iss May Sinclair writes so well, can tell a story so admirable, her characters are invariably so real, that remembering these splendid accomplishments, I was somewhat disappointed in her new volume of short stories, "Tales Told by Simpson" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). For the most part the plots are so obvious that when the inevitable surprise comes it isn't a surprise at all, because one has anticipated the astonishment long before. Yet there is a psychological subtleness in the first story, "Khaki," and there is a psychological interest less subtle in "Portrait of my Uncle," which tells the tale of a married couple who quarrelled and nagged all their married life, and yet, when the old wife died, the husband followed her quickly, lonely and broken-hearted. The story, called "The Collector," tells of one of those dreary, tiresome, ambitious London hostesses who collect celebrities.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xx of this issue

AT HOME AND ABROAD



PRINCE MILO OF MONTENEGRO



A FAMILY GROUP: (Centre) NOEL, COUNTESS OF ROTHES (MRS. CLAUD MACFIE) AND LIEUT.-COLONEL CLAUD MACFIE AND THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ROTHES



AT SANTANDER: THE INFANTA MARIA CHRISTINA OF SPAIN; (in background) THE INFANTA BEATRICE

The late Lord Rothes died in 1927 and was succeeded by his son, and his widow married Major Claud Macfie, D.S.O., who was in the Seaforths. The present Lord Rothes married Miss Beryl Dugdale in 1926. Prince Milo of Montenegro is a nephew of the late King Nicholas and a cousin of the Queen of Italy. During the thirteen years Prince Milo has been in exile, since Montenegro was occupied by the Serbians, he has spent a good deal of the time in England and is at the moment in London. The unconventional snapshots of H.M. the Queen of Spain and her daughters are quite characteristic. H.M. King Allonso has been upon one of his welcome visits to England. The Infanta Maria and the Infanta Beatrice were playing on the public tennis courts on Santander



H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT THE RECENT HORTICULTURAL SHOW AT BARCELONA



BEFORE THE START FOR THE KING'S CUP: MR, AND MRS. J. W. P. CHALMERS

Mr. Chalmers flew a D.H. Moth in the great race round England, for which a record field eighty-eight planes started and fifty-nine finished, and another record was put up by a woman (Miss Winifred Brown) winning, and another woman (Mrs. A. S. Butler) being fourth

a distance of 749½ miles. Mr. Butler's Moth exhibits a good many differences from the standard machine, but it is still recognizably of the same type. Flight-Lieutenant Waghorn's Gipsy-Bluebird averaged 99'5 m.p.h., which finally disposes of the theory that side-by-side seating leads of necessity to a slow aeroplane. In fact the Bluebirds did well in almost every case. Mr. Tom Rose, who had only just over half-anhour's start over the scratch machine, came in sixth in his Hermes-Bluebird. And it transpired afterwards that he had been delayed on the way by his engine-cowling coming partly adrift. Flight-Lieutenant Fielden, flying Prince George's aeroplane, was seventh, having flown an exceptionally fine race, while Squadron-Leader Don in the Prince of Wales' aeroplane was eighteenth. These two had done everything that piloting and navigation can do to win, but they were beaten by the handicappers. Mr. Green in a Genet Avian was fifth, and Captain Broad in a Puss Moth was ninth. But one of the notable facts about the finishing order was that after Mr. Butler had come in second, Mrs. Butler in a Puss Moth followed a very short distance behind and obtained fourth place in the race. think that the combined feat of Mr. and Mrs. Butler was perhaps the most striking feature of the race. Captain de Havilland was heavily handicapped in his Puss Moth.

It is not to be suggested, however, that the handicapping was bad. Messrs. Dancy and Rowarth performed marvellous feats of prestidigitation with their slide rules, and turning a deaf ear to the tears and entreaties of competitors as well as to the inspired rumours before the race, put all the machines on about as equal a footing as is possible in the circumstances. Air Vice-Marshal Longcroft was the judge and Sir John Salmond went to Hanworth to see the finish of the race. Sir Philip Sassoon presented the Cup to Miss Winifred Brown outside the Club House immediately after the race. Thanks to the stewards, the clerks of the course, the time-keepers and starters, the Chief Marshal, and Messrs. Perrin and Stevenson, the arrangements were good and there was not the slightest hitch in running the race. At the same time it seems that 100 aeroplanes is rather too many, and next year there should be some means of eliminating some of the entrants so as to keep the number down to about sixty or seventy actual starters. At some of the controls on the way, according to what I was told by some of the competitors, there was difficulty in getting away to time owing to the press of machines. Flight-Lieutenants Atcherley and Stainforth were unfortunate with the Segrave Meteor, and were among the first to retire on account of trouble.

AIR EDDIES: ByOLIVER STEWART

King's Cup. MISS WINI-Brown, as the first woman to win the King's Cup Air Race, is to be congratu-lated. She flew well, without fuss or ostentation, and won by a wide margin over Mr. A. S. Butler and Flight-Lieutenant Waghorn, who were second and third. Her speed of over 102 m.p.h. was in itself a tribute to the faultless running of her Cirrus-Avian. Mr. Butler, who did fastest time in his beautifully stream-lined Gipsy Moth, averaged 129°7, an amazing speed for a two-seater light

aeroplane

over

MISS MURIEL ROBINSON Nottingham's first air-woman. Miss Robinson has just qualified for her pilot "A" certificate

The National Flying Services aerodrome at Hanworth made good starting and finishing point, although the flying display which was supposed to keep the spectators entertained while the racers were away was disappointing. During the course of the race it was difficult to see who was making up his handicap most rapidly. At first it seemed that Captain Guest was a likely winner, for he made good time on the first stretch, and it was known that Flight-Lieutenant Healy, who had been round the course at least once before the race, was with him. Altogether it was an interesting race which differed markedly from all its predecessors.

Touring Competition.

ow that the King's Cup Race is over there remains only one other contest of importance so far as light aeroplanes are concerned. It is the International Touring Competition, which



starts on Sunday and continues until August 7. There are not many British entries, but what there are are good. We must place our hopes chiefly upon Captain Broad. The machines taking part will land at Heston and at the new municipal aero-drome at Bristol during the course of their European tour, so that there should be a good opportunity of comparing the latest foreign light aeroplanes with the latest British ones.

Other air events which cannot be included among competitions are the National Flying Services Pageant at Hull on Saturday and, on the following Saturday, the 26th, the flying meeting at Norwich, which promises to be interesting.

Gliding. Some exhibitions of soaring flight are being held in the north of England and are attracting as much attention there as they have done in the south. In spite of troubles, gliding and soaring are steadily becoming more popular. They should provide good sport in themselves and they should also increase the number of potential aeroplane owners. The pilot who has learnt to soar should take only about half the time in The pilot who

dual instruction taken by the pupil who has never previously been in an aircraft in the air. He will have learnt to land and will have some idea of the action of the controls in the air. It may be a big jump from soaring flight to power flight but there is sufficient likeness between the two knowledge of one to be of assistance in the other. There are now many gliding clubs in existence.



MR. AND MRS. A. S. BUTLER

Who were second and fourth in the great air race for the King's Cup. Miss Winifred Brown won it in an Avro-Avian. Mrs. Butler was to have flown the Gipsy Moth in which her husband finished second, but they changed at the last minute

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L'INSPIRATION DU POÈTE

From the picture by Viollier

No. 1516, JULY 10, 19501



DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

By Nina Scott Langley

THE TATLER

THE COUNTESS OF CARDIGAN

The Marquess of Ailesbury's daughter-in-law, who is the proud mother of two sons, was Miss Joan Salter before her marriage, which took place six years ago. She and her husband live at Shiplake. Lord Cardigan is thoroughly conversant with the finer points of car-driving and writes with authority on motoring matters. His latest enthusiasm, however, is flying, and he is now qualifying as a pilot

A new portrait of Lady Blandford never comes amiss, for, like her four sisters—in one or other of whose company she is usually to be found—she possesses plenty of popularity and a most agreeable appearance. Hunting and racing are Lord and Lady Blandford's chief amusements, and Lowesby Hall in Leicestershire is where they live. They own some extremely good horses, a detachment of which were up for sale at Tattersalls' the other day

PLEASING PORTRAITS OF PLEASANT PEOPLE

Studio Appointments for Lady Cardigan and Lady Blandford



THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD

Hay Wrightson



THE PARAMOUNT TILLER TROUPE IN PARIS

Arib, Paris

This collection of loveliness, which is entirely English, enjoys about the same reputation for precision and agility as the Palace girls do and did in London, and Paris—a critical place—swears by them. "Priscilla" mentioned them a bit ago in this article

NLY a few years ago, Très Cher, the "true" Parisian considered himself as a social outcast if the morrow of the Grand Prix found him still in Paris. Now it seems we have changed all that. We keep on keeping The Grande Semaine is over, but there are as many parties as ever, the restaurants in the Bois are crowded every evening with the Nicest People, and all sorts of annual events are taking place: The Molier circus performance when, no doubt in order to prove a rule, amateurs, for once, equal and even better the cleverest professionals; the departure of the Tour de France bicycle race; the Concours du Conservatoire that are held at the fusty little Salle du Conservatoire in that dull street of the same name hidden away at the back of Marguery's and the Gymnase theatre.

I t is more years than I care to count since I last went to the Concours de Comédie and listened to all those eager terrified young things spouting their little pieces so carefully and conventionally prepared by long months of coaching. A hectic moment. A tense audience. Mammas and young sisters and aunts and friends, relatively few males, all agog with excitement and seething with jealousy. The jury is composed of eminent theatrical directors and dramatists well into the doddering years

most of them. There are dramatic critics also who never fail to remind us that Réjane, Sarah Bernhardt and Lucien Guitry all left the Conservatoire without having gained the supreme distinction of a Premier Prix. This somewhat consoles the unlucky candidates and gives the audience an excuse to behave noisily when—as usually happens—it disagrees with the decisions of the jury. Indeed it seems to me an absolute impossibility rightly to judge the powers of an eighteen - year - old actress, even though she may be a budding Rachel, in such a milieu and by the short rendering, in modern dress and without scenery, of a scene culled from the classics or from this or that moth-eaten comedy.

One candidate interested me particularly. An ex-Miss France. One so often wonders what becomes of all those beautiful young creatures who win Beauty Prize competitions; and are encouraged to imagine that a woman's sole business in life is to be stared at. Do you remember "Miss France" of two seasons back. A tall, dark, and very lovely child, who was barely sixteen years old? She was Mlle. Raymonde Alain, the daughter of the well-known actor, Alain Durthal. She was promenaded through all the principal cities and watering-places of Europe, she tried her luck in the States, but was not proclaimed "Miss World," or "Miss

Universe," or whatever it is one is named when one manages to best the U.S.A. sirens. (As a matter of fact has it ever been done?) She returned to France, and being obliged to earn her living, accepted an engagement at the Folies Bergères which she left when the management tried to get her to exhibit more of her delightful person than she was prepared to show. Then silence, silence till now, a silence that she breaks with a very charming voice behind which one feels, in spite of her youth, great dramatic personality, so great that even the jury could not withstand it, and she was awarded a second prize. Because she is still such a child, not yet eighteen, she will continue to attend classes at the Conservatoire for another year or so, after which she will probably be snapped up by the Comédie Française or the Odéon; not for long, one hopes, for the théâtres sunventionnées have a stultifying effect on the young. They are merely good places to start off from . . . and to return to when one reaches the age of what we like to call in this country official consecration.'

went to the opening night of the new El Garron cabaret de nuit in the rue Fontaine. The new premises are a few doors farther up the street, and the restaurant is far more spacious and airy than in the old days, for although it is on the

ground floor the high ceiling can be opened to the sky by means of a revolving steel cupola cleverly masked by trellis-work hung with foliage and flowers, lit by hundreds of tiny multicoloured lights; a silver-blue illumination is visible through the trellis, giving an impression of cool moonlight on even the sultriest night, while huge but invisible and silent ventilators keep the room as cool as it There are two orchestras and various attractions, champagne is not obligatory, and one need not "dress," which is rather agreeable these summer nights when one has spent the earlier part of the evening motoring and dining in the country. Georges Carpentier was there, new nose and all. The years pass him over very lightly and he looks remarkably well. . . I ran into him a few mornings later following the "first day out" of the Tour de France bicycle race. Georges had rather a peremptory way with him where the mo-bikes were concerned and quietly ditched a few of the worst hustlers; well must they have deserved it, for, as we all know, Georges is a gentle and patient lad. By the way, did I mention that the new El Garron is Léon Volterra's latest pet and toy? Probably that is why it is going so well. Léon has a way of setting the ball rolling and keeping it going; indeed, if ever perpetual motion is discovered, he will be the bloke responsible.-PRISCILLA.



MLLE. MAUD GIPSY

Who has had a "succes fou" with her clever imitations of famous persons and personages at the Moulin de la Chanson in Paris. This picture was taken after coffee and croissons in Maud Gipsy's flat

No. 1516, July 16, 1930]

THE FILMY WAY



MAURICE CHEVALIER

BILLIE DOVE AS A GIPSY

Screen magnets who attract crowds to whatever cinema projects their personalities are seen here in new settings. Brown-eyed Billie Dove, who is New York born and bred and scintillates in American pictures, can make a very engaging gipsy when she feels so inclined. Her newest film is "One Night at Susie's," a First National production. Maurice Chevalier took to the house-tops to try out "Sweeping the Clouds Away," one of the most tuneful and elaborate numbers in "Paramount on Parade," his latest song medium. Holly-wood is now a home from home to the Frenck revue star and his delicious voice. Stanley Smith and Frank Tuttle, respectively the leading man and director of Clara Bow's new Paramount picture, "Love Among the Millionaires," were obviously taking a chance with the barometer when trying what effect Miss Bow's engaging red hair would have on the mercury. The "It" Girl has a birthday next month, her twenty-fourth



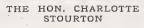
CLARA BOW HAS HER TEMPERATURE TAKEN

Gordon

ON THEIR VARIOUS



AT NOTTINGHAM RACES: LIEUT.-COLONEL R. L. BIRKIN, MRS. BIRKIN, AND MISS BYRNES



OCCASIONS



MRS. CHARLES BIRKIN AND LADY POWERSCOURT



AT PERTHSHIRE SHOW: LORD AND LADY MORAY AND THE HON. WILLIAM HEWITT



OFF TO CANADA: LORD REDESDALE AND THE HON. PAMELA MITFORD

All three pictures at the top were taken at the Nottingham Summer Race Meeting, where, like most other places, the going was hard—for we are on the edge of an official drought. Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Birkin is a steward of Nottingham, a bachelor, and an ex-Master of the South Notts hounds. Mrs. Charles Birkin, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Birkin, is Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Birkin's sister-in-law. Lady Powerscourt is a kinswoman of Lord Radnor. The Hon. Charlotte Stourton is Lord and Lady Mowbrays' only daughter. The Perthshire Agricultural Show, at which Lord and Lady Moray were, was held at Doune. He succeeded to the title in April of this year on the death of his father, who was the seventeenth earl. Lady Moray is an American. The Hon. William Hewitt is Lord Lifford's uncle. Lord Redesdale and his daughter, the Hon. Pamela Mitford, sailed for Canada on July 4 to go gold prospecting in Northern Ontario, and their starting-point will be from Swastika

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FLYING AND YACHTING



ON KING'S CUP DAY AT HANWORTH: SIR ALAN AND LADY COBHAM



MR. CHINNERY HALDANE



MR. RODD, THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE HAMILTON, MISS DIANA GUEST, AND THE HON. C. BAILLIE HAMILTON



AT BEMBRIDGE: COLONEL HODGKINSON, CAPTAIN DERRICK GUNSTON, AND MRS. HUGH COLLINS; (behind)—MISS JOAN WOODROFFE AND COLONEL KENT



ALSO AT BEMBRIDGE LAST WEEK: MISS DIANA WOODROFFE MISS DIANA OPPENHEIM, AND MISS JOAN WOODROFFE

These pictures were taken at the Bembridge Sailing Club's recent regatta at Under Tyne, which is next door to Bembridge, I.O.W., itself, and was sailed under the club's burgee. Mrs. Collins, who is in the left-hand group, is a well-known yachtswoman and can steer a boat in a race with anyone. Captain Derrick, Gunston is the Member for the Thornbury Division, and was formerly second in command of the 1st Battalion Irish Guards. Brigadier-General Charles Woodroffe, whose daughter is in these groups, has a house at Bembridge, North Wells. The excitement at Hanworth, the winning-post of the King's Cup air race, when it was seen that a young woman was going to win against even Schneider Cup form, can be better imagined than described, and the pictures at the top show some of it. Miss Winifred Brown, in her Cirrus-Avian, crossed the winning line shortly after 6 p.m. with an average of 102.7 m.p.h.—a great performance. Miss Guest was a starter but had to give up



MR. WYN WEAVER, MR. LADDIE CLIFF, AND MR. STANLEY LUPINO

"Let the toast pass"—and it does. The table has a revolving top, and every time the eccentric sportsman in plus fours puts down his replenished glass Mr. Lupino, the author-producer, twists it round and consumes the contents. The guest, being taken for a harmless lunatic, is first led away in handcuffs and subsequently thrown into the river. He turns out to be the husband of the lady of the house

"HAT are you doing for your week-end?" inquires Mr. Laddie Cliff, staccato. "Supporting it with an air-cushion," replies Mr. Stanley Lupino, coyly, making rapidly for the wings with a gesture of girlish abandon. "I know something that goes to bed with its shoes on," remarks Mr. Lupino. "What is that?" asks Mr. Cliff, fortissimo. "A horse," says Mr. Lupino, and falls down on the seat of his plus-fives or pulls an imaginary bell-rope for assistance.

heing compounded of Datas and the world's champion shorthand-typist could proceed further with the nine hundred and ninety-nine gags which explode at half-minute intervals throughout the two acts and five scenes of *The Love Race* at the Gaiety. Gags about "Race" pudding and somebody's reputation being at "steak"; about a gentleman called Fish, whose name, naturally, inspires euphonious reference to "chips"; about being "tight" in spite of "loose" habits.

Being merely human, I present these few samples as guarantees of good faith on the part of the protagonists, whose efforts to provide a mixture-asbefore can be truthfully described as a fait accompli. First we had Darling, I Love You, then Love Lies, and now The Love Race. Love is evidently the Lupino lucky word. If this sort of thing continues indefinitely Leicester Square can no longer be regarded as the spiritual

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MISS MADGE ELLIOTT AND MR. CYRIL RITCHARD

TOMTITT

Getting off with each other and on with the dance—one of those acrobatic affairs which ends with a leg-glide and a catch in the deep

home of the errant Eros. Perhaps that mysterious hoarding midway between Inveresk House and the Gaiety's front door is a pointer to the final destination of the winged mischief. If so, I suggest that suitable effigies of his two sponsors, say by "Tom Titt," should do homage at his feet; while as further embellishment Mr. Epstein would make a nice job of Mr. Cyril Ritchard demonstrating the laws of gravity to Miss Madge Elliott.

Tor purposes of story-telling my own "week-end" is one concerned not with air-cushions but wet towels. Imagine five hundred chess champions playing each other simultaneously at the rate of fifty moves a minute and that will con-

vey some slight idea of the kind of plot which comes hurtling across the footlights in between spasms of choreographic pediculture, sentimental duets, topical trios, and wisecracks more persistent than recurring decimals. Amid the lying and the laughter one or two rules of conduct for denizens of of musical comedy detach

the world of musical comedy detach themselves from the tumult.

The best and lightest house-parties, for instance, take place in some majestic mansion commanding a view of the Thames. This is important because there is nothing like a river, especially the Thames, for promoting the

party spirit. The camaraderie of punt and gramophone, back-chat and backwater, blows in, as it were, through the hall door, there to be reinforced by paper streamers, toy balloons, and other chanalia of some sweet young thing's "twenty-firster." Then again, any river is useful as a background for the garden scene (Act 2), featuring, as it invariably does, the front door (left) and, if a race for the Schreder Trophy is on the tapis, a garage (right) containing one mystery car under lock and key. Into the lordly stream which runs the length of the back-cloth eccentrics with bald heads and falsetto chuckles can be hustled by a dozen young men in wine-coloured blazers and white flannel trousers, while intending suicides can follow Mr. Lupino's example, moving towards oblivion with brick and rope until thwarted by a passing policeman. It is always a good joke to throw the wrong man into the Thames; it is a better one

to produce him, wet, five minutes afterwards.

Widows, old song, are wonderful, and in musical comedy there is no limit to the age-at which they

may take unto themselves another mate. Obviously the right moment to produce a second husband is the evening of your daughter's comingof-age house-party. This unexpected coup will enable the girl's brother (Mr. Laddie Cliff) and her fiancé (Mr. Stanley Lupino) to mistake the victim (Mr. Wyn Weaver) for an

escaped lunatic, and have him removed in handcuffs by the village constable. For plying the poor but harmless creature with cocktails, prior to expulsion, the table with revolving top is commended. This economical accessory conveys the guests' glass to the hosts' mouth by a mere motion of the hand.

Reducing things to some sort of chronological order, we have, first, the party; then a duet by two of the brighter guests (Mr. Frederic Conyngham and Miss Esmé Tosh); then the arrival of Mr. Laddie

Cliff with a few birthday presents for his sister (Miss Fay Martin). These include a carrot, a banana produced from the waistcoat pocket, and a bowl of goldfish, several of which are subsequently eaten by Mr. Lupino, who arrives, pursued by a hostile parent (Mr. Arthur Rigby, Jun.), after a night in Vine Street, the sequel to a raid on a night club. Involved in this disgrace are a talkie star (Mr. Cyril Ritchard) and Mary (Miss Madge Elliott), the daughter of a Socialist M.P., who naturally forbids the banns. Not so heavily involved, but having a place in the aftermath, are a taxi-driver (Mr. Arty Ash), who spends most of the evening looking for his hat in a state of gentle intoxication, and a lady from Paris (Miss Connie Emerald), who has accidentally exchanged luggage with Mr. Lupino. What indeed could be more natural than

MISS CONNIE EMERALD

As the lady (from Paris)

with the bag, the mix-up

of whose contents leads

to many strange relation-

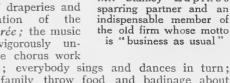
ships



The amorous spinster and the flighty motorist momentarily forget the little matter of a breach of promise case and abandon themselves to the hurly-burly of song and dance

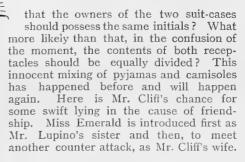
At this point memory declines to function further. Miss Elliott trips into the sunshine next morning wearing evening dress and

rounds off the usual dance by taking a flying leap over a gardenseat into the trusty arms of Mr. Ritchard. Here, as of yore, is nectar for the gods-Juno playing catchas-catch can with Apollo. Miss Drusilla Wills disports herself as a faded spinster pursuing Mr. Lupino with threats of breach of promise; Mr. Weaver, as recorded, is thrown into the lake, eyeglass and all; Miss Esmé Tosh turns fifty seven varieties of somersaults to the swish of draperies and the admiration of the jeunesse dorée; the music continues vigorously unoriginal; the chorus work



like beavers; everybody sings and dances in turn; the whole family throw food and badinage about at the breakfast-table; and in the end the rival cars, about which and the race nobody has had time to devote much attention, are driven to a dead-heat by the rapidly married wives of the two comedians.

MISS VIOLET FAREBROTHER Wondering if her family will ever stop mistaking her second husband for an escaped lunatic



may have got this all wrong, but everybody's relationships, real and assumed, to everybody else are about as slippery as an eel in aspic. Anyhow Miss Elliott, a very tangible person, was determined to have her own spot of trouble, and this she did by undertaking to marry the first man to walk through the hall door on the stroke of midnight.

Being the first day of summertime somebody officiously put the clock back, with the result that Mr. Ritchard was an hour late, being super-seded by the most unsuitable male member of the party. Choice

fell, naturally, on the taxi-driver, still looking for his hat.



MR. LADDIE CLIFF Mr. Stanley Lupino's

And so home, marvelling at the colossal energy of Mr. Cliff, the non-stop absurdities of Mr. Lupino, who has seldom, if ever, been funnier, and the tireless team-work of a side who went all out to force a win on the hottest night of the year. And did. A moist but enraptured house signified its approval in the usual manner. There is something satisfactory in knowing what to expect-and getting it.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN



AT HENLEY: THE HON. MERIEL LYTTELTON, MR. HARMSWORTH, AND OTHERS

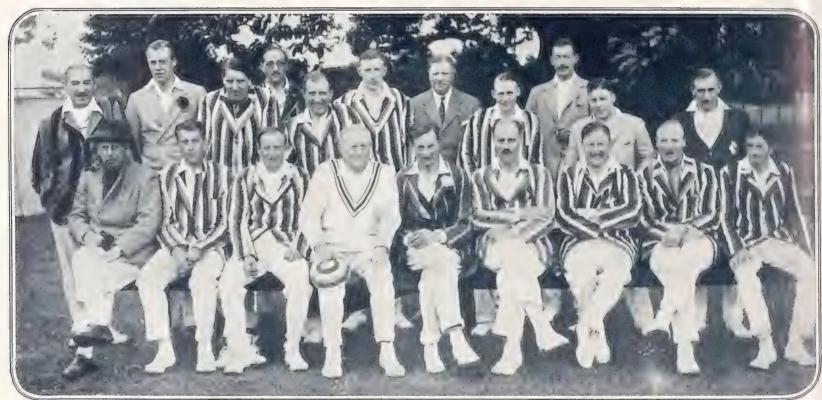


AT NAWARTH: MR. AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN BARRAN



IN LONDON: LADY DESBOROUGH, THE HON.

IMOGEN GRENFELL, AND LORD BIRKENHEAD



Truman Howell

THE SOUTH WALES HUNTS AND FREE FORESTERS' TEAMS

The combined teams at Lord Tredegar's ground at Newport. The South Wales Hunt Team made 205 in their first knock to the Free Foresters' 153, and then 203 for 3 (dec.), the Free Foresters getting 167 for 7. The names, left to right, are: seated, Major David Maclean, Sir Geoffrey Byass, A. M. Miller (captain, Free Foresters), J. C. Clay (captain, South Wales Hunts), Col. G. Masters, T. C. Jones, W. W. B. Scott (Joint Master the Portman), and J. Pryce-Jenkins; at the back, Col. Gordon Phillips, R. A. Byass, L. E. W. Williams, H. T. Foley, R. S. Sugden, L. H. Bean, Captain L. Foster-Stedman, W. L. Hewitt, Lord Glanusk, R. S. Skelton, and H. C. Harris. Lord and Lady Cobham held a party for Henley at Magdalen House, which Mr. Charles Harmsworth lent. The Hon. Mrs. John Barran may be more familiar to some people as the Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven—one of Lord and Lady Ruthven's twin daughters. Lord Birkenhead, who is with Lady Desborough and her younger daughter, has now happily recovered from the illness he had earlier in the year

No. 1516, July 16, 1930] THE TATLER



UP IN ARMS

By E. Hubbard



No. 1516, July x6, 1930] THE TATLER



BITTER SWEET

By Rebel Stanton

THE TATLER . [No. 1516, July 16, 19



THE MAN WHO BATHED FROM THE STEP

By H. M. Ba

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THE TATLER



STEPS OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

y H. M. Bateman

from the offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra



No. 1516, JULY 16, 1937



THE STUDIO WINDOW

By Webster Murray





A GOLDEN WEDDING AND **PICTURES** FROM UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY

SIR WILLIAM AND LADY PORTAL'S GOLDEN WEDDING: A most interesting group taken at Laverstoke on June 23, 1930. Sir William and Lady Portal were married in 1880. The names, left to right, are: Standing—Viscount Monck, Lady Rosemary Portal, Colonel Wyndham Portal, Mr. W. Batt, Mrs. H. Evan Thomas, Mr. H. Evan Thomas, the Hon. Mrs. W. Batt, the Hon. Mary Monck; sitting—Sir William Portal, Bart., Lady Portal, and Christopher Batt



AT THE HALLATON FÊTE: Nurse Harris, Lady Hazlerigg, Miss Joan Hazlerigg, and Lady Locke-Elliot

Miss Joan Hazlerigg, and Lady Locke-Elliot

The Hallaton and Uppingham Fête was held in connection with the Hallaton Women Unionists' Association, of which Lady Locke-Elliot is the President. General Sir E. Locke-Elliot is a very distinguished soldier, and equally so as a sportsman. As "Mr. Locke" he was rated about the best G.R. in the Service. Lady Hazlerigg is the wife of Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Lord-Lieutenant of Leicestershire. It is rarely that a whole family is caught by the one camera, but this happened to Lord and Lady Airlie at Cortachy, one of Lord Airlie's seats in Forfarshire. Lord Airlie was originally a 10th Hussar, and in 1924 he was the owner of the quite infirm Master Robert, who won the Grand National. Sir William Portal, who celebrated his and Lady Portal's golden wedding in the bosom of their family at Laverstoke, Hants, married Miss Florence Glyn, the daughter of the late the Hon. St. Leger Glyn, a kinsman of Lord Wolverton



AT CORTACHY CASTLE: Lady Margaret Ogilvy, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy (in Lady Airlie's arms), Lady Grizelda, Lady Jean, Lord Ogilvy, and Lord Airlie



COLONEL VITÉZ BÉLDY, SIR TREVOR DAWSON, AND MADAME BÉLDY

Sir Trevor and Lady Dawson Entertain



GUESTS OF HONOUR: PRINCE AND PRINCESS TAKAMATSU



LADY WILLIAMS-TAYLOR, MADAME AUBERT, MRS. T. CARPENTER, AND LORD HINDLIP

IN THE GARDEN AT EDGWAREBURY HOUSE





MAJOR AND MRS. GERALD AYLMER AND MRS. JAMES MILLS



PRINCESS SHIMADZU, MADAME SHIMADA, COUNTESS SAKAYE, AND THE MARCHIONESS MAYEDA

Lady Dawson, Sir Trevor Dawson's wife, had every reason to feel pleased with the success of her recent garden party at Edgwarebury House. Prince and Princess Takamatsu, whom England has welcomed so warmly, honoured the occasion with their presence, and also represented here are Princess Shimadzu, the wife of Commander Prince Tadashige Shimadzu, Naval Attaché to the Japanese Embassy, and the Marchioness Mayeda, whose husband is Military Attaché. Colonel Vitez Béldy holds the latter appointment at the Hungarian Legation. Sir Trevor Dawson, who has the Orders of the Sacred Treasure and Rising Sun of Japan (Second Class), is Vice-Chairman of Vickers. He was made a baronet in 1920

his page is missing from the print copy used for digitization. replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available	

his page is missing from the print copy used for digitization. replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available	



When are you most alive?...In your moments of joy • In the lovely enchantment you knew as a child...the spiral, bubbling thing which made you leap and run in the wind and laugh without reason . In the bright magic of love, kindling you wholly alive . In the exaltation which comes from work well-done . These are the moments which stretch up out of the level of your days like mountain peaks and are more significant to your life than years of ordinary existence • Joy of being. Joy of doing . You may achieve all things you set your heart upon, but if you walk your way joylessly, without delight, you live only on the edge of life • For however little we know of life...what it is, what it is for...this we have learned...that it is better to conquer imperfection, not with strain and despair, but with a joyous courage

It is inevitable that Elizabeth Arden who has devoted her life to the creation of beauty where beauty was not, who has brought joy into the lives of thousands of women, should be the first to distil a perfume so buoyant that only to catch a

breath of it lifts your mood into sparkling delight. La Joie d'Elizabeth...the perfume of delight • As reverie is the aftermath of Joy, so Miss Arden's fragrance of dreams follows "La Joie." It is called "Le Reve." You will be captivated by it!

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so he swallows

as much as he can and lies

stymied till the

rest rots off,

Then he is ready to go for a walk or crawl

again. Locusts, of course, and wild honey

have a very

well-known sanction, and

the former are

quite as popu-

lar as lizards

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people Rs. 10

(about 13s. 4d.

in those days)

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India.

Pictures in the Fire: "SABRETACHE"

OME interesting Society news has trickled through from Paris about what happens at some of the Bright Young dances. I read:

At a recent ball the women were given striped linen beach sunshades with bags and handkerchiefs to match—the men

received bathing caps and shoes.

I do not think I quite caught the sixth word from the end. I read on:

At another ball "favours" took the form of silver - gilt and shagreen vanity cases, ebony walking - sticks with crystal handles.

It does not unhappily, tell us who were the bloods who patronized ebony walkingsticks with crystal handles. It seems a bit mean not to have thrown in some lipsticks and powder-puffs.

MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER'S XI v. OXFORD

R. S. Crisp

Oxford's nine-wickets win at Eastbourne against this good team put their stock up for the 'Varsity match last week very considerably. This has to go before the result is known. The names in this group, left to right, are: Standing—Moss (umpire), E. T. Benson, G. E. V. Crutchley, W. G. Lowndes, G. T. S. Stevens, the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, R. E. S. Wyatt, E. W. Dowson, and Gravett (umpire); seated—N. Haig, J. W. H. T. Douglas, H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, Lieut.-Colonel R. V. Gwynne (Mayor of Eastbourne), A. P. F. Chapman, and M. Howell

In view of the decision of the New York State Athletic Commission that fouls are not to count any more in boxing matches, and that gladiators have only themselves to blame if they do not wear adequate protection, and further in view of the fact that this means what is known as "all in," i.e. biting, kicking, gouging, and spitting and growling, I can see one industry going on an upward curve of prosperity—dentistry. Our gladiators will be compelled to get their dentists either to file their natural teeth into sharp spikes, as some engaging cannibals are in the habit of doing, or in the alternative, and if their natural teeth are not good enough, concocting some dentures of sufficient

power and sharpness that they will take an ear or a nose off at one snap. Spiked boxing gloves, rather on the pattern of the ancient cestus, only far more deadly, will not, I presume, be barred, and if they are not, why not go one better and get back to the real stuff --- swords, javelins, nets, and tridents? This seems to be the natural corollary. We might even get as far as lions and tigers in the end. It is only a very short step backwards or forwards, according to the way in which you look at it.

The sea serpent and giant gooseberry being rather too Victorian for this Bright Young Period, someone has started on the python, the slug, the worm, the maggot, the lizard, and various other things we are not accustomed to eat, as addenda to the menus of really bright-eat places. I have never eaten any of these things myself, but I have smelt a python

swarm came over, stripped everthing green or eatable in its path, and then so full it could do no more, failed to fly the lake and drowned itself in millions. But I never heard of anyone wanting to do a John the Baptist act.

eating, and I do not believe that even if I had had to put my belt in the last hole I should want to eat him. He can't

swallow the horns and skulls of goats, deer, buck, or any other

things like that which he is lucky enough to lasso and then crush to a pulp after doing a most disgusting amount of spitting.

In an interesting little article in "The Cavalry Journal" for July, an excellent number of this well-groomed periodical, on the famous Peshawar Vale Hunt, it is amusing to come across this paragraph:

Under November 7 we read: "No scent for an hour and a-half and then some pretty hound work in covert." On this day we were

the unconscious victims of what must have vastly amused some dacoits; for on our return to Peshawar we heard that twelve armed men had been lying up in the very cane patches in which hounds had been hunting.

The Gentlemen of the Frontier may be dirty, weazen-slitting, horse-stealing, bunnia-skinning swabs when out on business, but they are sportsmen, and I am sure would have helped the huntsman on that occasion, if, for purely business reasons, it was necessary for them to preserve a strict incognito.

A nother of the things in this month's "Cavalry Journal" well worth reading is the continuation of the interesting articles on "The Napoleonic Cavalry and its Leaders," by Captain E. W. Sheppard. The instalment is this month all about Antoine Charles Louis de Lassalle, who was Napoleon's beau ideal of what a light cavalry (Continued on p. viii)



R. S. Crist
A GROUP AT THE OXFORD MATCH AT EASTBOURNE

Some of the ladies who were Mrs. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower's guests at the match at Eastbourne mentioned in the top picture. The names are: At back—Mrs. Miles Howell, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes; seated—The Hon. Mrs. Calthorpe, Mrs. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, and Mrs. G. E. V. Crutchley

Ciro Pearls are not Oriental Pearls

but who knows it?

They look for all the world like Oriental Pearls.

They are worn for Oriental Pearls.

In fact, so perfect is the resemblance that in appearance, at least, they are separated only by the debatable distinction of a birth certificate.

Whether you wear Oriental Pearls -

Or Ciro Pearls-

Is only incidental to the main consideration that you should wear one or the other, for they are ornaments of indescribable beauty.

> We invite you to visit the Ciro Salons, or on receipt of a guinea we will send you a 16" necklet of Ciro Pearls for you to wear and compare. If you are not altogether delighted, return them to us within a fortnight and your money will be returned in full. Or we will gladly exchange them. Illustrated Pearl and Jewellery Catalogues post free.

Ciro Pears



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY POLO TEAM

R. S. Crish

The names, left to right, are: Mr. O. S. Poole (Eton and Christ Church), (1); the Hon. W. J. C. Pearson (Eton and Christ Church), captain (2); Mr. J. Lakin (Eton and New), (3); and Mr. R. V. Taylor (Winchester and Magdalen), (back). This team met Cambridge at Hurlingham on the 10th. Cambridge won last year by 5 to 4, and their score then was 25 matches to Oxford's 20

THE International Polo Team went back to the Beaufort Club on July 2, and are playing the final trial matches before their departure for America on Saturday, July 12, Thursday, July 17, and Wednesday, July 23. In conjunction with the visit of the team, the following tournaments are run: From July 7 to July 12, the S.W. Divisional Novices'

Tournament — Total handicap of each team, 8 points; full goal allowance; 4 chukkers; open to teams from the S.W. Division; entries close July 2. From July 14 to July 19, the Midsummer Tournament—Total handicap of each team 20 points; full goal allowance. Low Handicap Tournament—Total handicap of each team 10 points; full goal allowance; entries close July 19. From July 21 to July 26, the Second Annual Summer Tournament. The Holford Challenge Cup -For teams of an aggregate handicap between 17 and 24; four goals allowed. The Junior Cup-Total handicap for each team 14 points; full goal allowance; entries close July 16. Matches and handicap tournaments will be arranged for beaten players or those who are not competing in the tournaments. Stabling and accommodation for men at lowest possible rates. Play commences each playing day at 2.45.

The Seventh International Trial at Roehampton, the last we shall see of the team in London since it has gone to Norton to have a final polish up as per announcement above, must be taken as satisfactory I presume, for the Internationals (Mr. A. Roark, Mr. G. Balding, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and Mr. L. L. Lacey, in that formation) playing on the International ponies made rings round a good scratch team (Captain R. George,



INTER-REGIMENTAL DAY AT HURLINGHAM

A great day—almost as good as the Grand Military for people to meet who have not seen one another for years, as the saying is. Here are Major "Rattle" Barrett, the man who skippered the 1914 victorious International team; Miss Hastings, who is a sister of the Marchioness of Cambridge; and Captain Douglas Beech

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

Mr. G. G. Ashton, Major E. G. Atkinson, and Mr. H. P. Guinness) not playing ponies of International class, and beat them 13 to 3. I think I agree with Captain Percy Creed that it is the trials in America which are going to tell us the story. I hope that the time available for the winding-up gallops in America is long enough, and I still think that Mr. Gerald Balding and Captain Roark would be better in front with Mr. Aidan Roark and Mr. Lacey behind. Both Mr. Gerald Balding and Mr. Aidan Roark we were all glad to see sending the ball for a "ride." It is the American's long ball which has beaten us so often in the past. Captain Percy Creed I see advises our telling our team that they will have a real back-to-the-wall fight in America, and that the enemy will put about as hot a side into the field as Le has ever done. Captain Creed says this will ginger our team up more than anything. I do not think it is necessary they know; and as for ginger, I am certain that their tails are curled up right over their backs. Captain Tremayne, Captain R. George, Mr. H. P. Guinness, I understand, are our three reserves.

back). This ast year by

Sir Malcolm Robertson, lately H.M. Ambassador at Buenos Aires, has very kindly written to me and put the matter of Mr. L. L. Lacey's eligibility to play for England in the International polo team beyond all criticism. A letter I had

International polo team beyond all criticism. A letter I had received from the other side of the Atlantic—not, as I noted at the time, from anyone officially connected with the Polo Association of America—raised the point that as Mr. Lacey had played as an Argentine representative he could not now be played as a representative of England, or in other words, that

he must be a national of one or other country, and not of both. Sir Malcolm Robertson, who of course speaks with preponderating authority, says that this is exactly what can happen. This is Sir Malcolm Robertson's letter, which I am sure will be read with much interest by all concerned, and is absolutely decisive on this point:

I notice in your Polo Notes published in The TATLER of July 2 that you quote a statement to the effect that Mr. Lacey "cannot be an Argentine citizen one moment and a British citizen the next."

Now this is precisely what can and does happen in many hundreds of cases. A man born in the Argentine whose father was British-born has a dual nationality. He is both Argentine and British, and cannot, therefore, be naturalized in either country. While in the Argentine he cannot claim British protection; while in the British Empire he cannot claim Argentine protection. Anywhere else in the world he can claim either or both.

If Mr. Lacey was, as I believe, born in Argentina of a British father, he has a dual nationality. It would seem, then, that while he should not properly play in Argentina for Great Britain against Argentina, nor in Great Britain for Argentina against Great Britain, elsewhere in the world outside Argentina and the British Empire he can play for either.

either.

If, however, Mr. Lacey was born within the Empire, he is British only unless he has formerly renounced his British nationality and opted for Argentine. He should not then properly play for Argentina at all.

(Continued on p. x)

SAPPHIRES

















From the collection at The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd. 112 Regent Street, London, W.1.



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"But the wifie was inby"

THUS CALUM THE SAID KEEPER

How the Old Wife Came upon Ewen: By IAN COLVIN

S I came to shore through the shallows I could see the flounders under the amber water darting away from my brogues in a flurry of sand. Raising my head I could smell in the wind the salt of Loch Linnhe, and could see to the south the heavy bulk of Ben Nevis white with new-fallen snow. With my rod over my shoulder I trailed my line disconsolately after me.
"What was it?" shouted Calum from the bank.

"A fish," I answered.

"I ken it was a fish," said Calum, "but how did he get awa?" "How should I know?" I replied wearily. I had combed the whole beat for three days from Burn Pool to Cat Pool without a sign of a salmon. And then at the last cast to feel the fly taken strongly, confidently, as by a fish that meant business, and to have the line suddenly slacken, without rhyme or reason. It was too much.

Then a thought struck me. I had been throwing a long line, and a cast or two before that pull of the fish I had felt a touch behind me, just the touch of a fly on a stone, and I had neglected, just out of sheer laziness, to reel up and inspect the hook. I did so now: it was broken short above the barb. "Look. Calum," I said, in utter misery.
"Aweel," said Calum, "if it's ony satisfaction to know, there

was no one to blame but yoursel'.'

He was right. I had committed one of the unpardonable sins-to make one cast in three days without being certain of my tackle.

I sat down on the bank. It was no satisfaction to know, and the ghillie's kind heart repented the sarcasm.

Weel, ye've lost him, whether you would or not, as the auld

wife came upon Ewen!"
"What auld wife," said I, "and who was Ewen?"

"Well, it is called Cat Pool," he continued, "a domned black, unlucky, mischancy hole!"

We were sitting on the left bank of that noble river, the Lochy, and I looked up at the rocks on the other side and the little ruin perched among the trees over the cliff. The river came in a tremendous roar and gush from under and spread itself over that mighty pool.
"Why is it called Cat Pool, Calum?" I asked.

"What else would they call it?" said Calum.

I found no answer. What else, indeed? A heavy, black storm was coming in from the Atlantic and lay across like a bridge from Ben Nevis to the hills round Lochiel. The west wind whirled up the glens with a load of rain on his shoulders. Cat Pool was now black as thunder. We got into the little wooden shelter and watched the large drops falling on the face

"They must have made a great hiss and a splash when they

loupit into the water," said Calum.
"Who jumped into the water?" I asked.

"Why, the cats, "Calum replied. "All the cats there were at that time in Lochaber, so it is said." "He was a great lad, Ewen McAllan nan Creagh, a great

"He must have been," I said in vague agreement.

"Twelfth Chief of the Clan Cameron, he was," Calum continued. "It was he who built the house of expiation there, on the top of the rock."

I had read of Ewen McAllan, Captain of the Clan Cameron, in that curious old book, "Memoirs of Locheill." Here is the

passage:

"To expiat for former crimes he sett out on a pilgrimage to Rome; but arriving in Holland he found himself unable to bear

Thus Said Calum the Keeper—continued

up against the fatigue of so long a journey, and therefore sent one, McPhaill, a priest, who was his Chaplain confessor to do that iob for him with the Pope. One part of the penance enjoined him by His Holiness was to build six Chappells to as many saints, which he performed. Some of them are still extant, and the ruins of the rest are still to be seen in Lochaber and the bordering countreys."

I had wondered as I read what were the "crimes" that weighed on the hardy spirit of that seventeenth-century cateran. I wanted to know the true explanation. And now I should hear it, I thought, as I looked up at the ruined gable of roughhewn stone. "Why did he build it?" I asked.

"He had good cause to build it," Calum replied meditatively.

"Excellent cause!"

No doubt," I said, leading him on.

"It was like this," Calum continued as he lit his pipe, "Ewen was a gay spark in his youth, a frolicsome lad, and he went to the wedding of his cousin, that would be Cameron of Doini, and he stood by the window in the auld kirk in Glen Nevis."
"But there's no church in Glen Nevis," said I.

"There was," said Calum, "and there was a skull lying on the sill of the window; it was said the grave-digger had thrown it

out and left it there and forgotten all about Well, Ewen was leaning against the wall by the window as the minister was reading the marriage service. An' at ilka response o' his cousin the bridegroom, Ewen tappit the skull with his riding-whip and said, 'I will.'"

"That was rash of him" I ventured.
"Rash," said Calum, "it was mad. For when Ewen got home that night to his hoose at Torness—"
"Torness!" I interrupted. "There is no

house at Torness."
"There was," said Calum. "Have ye no seen the stones and the line o' the foundations under the grass? That was where the Camerons lived for thousands of years before they built Invergarry."
"Well, go on with the story," I said.

"There came a chappin' at the door. And when Ewen opened the door there was an auld wife standing in the mirk on the sill o' the door, dressed in a white nightgown.

'Who may you be?' said Ewen.

"'Your lawfu' wedded wife,' said the cailleach.

Then Ewen laughed. 'Nae wife o' mine, said he, 'for I've never been mairried, an' if I were,' said he, 'I would na' choose sic a wizened auld runt as yersel.'

"'Ye mairried me,' said she, 'this day in the kirk at Glen Nevis.'

'And then Lochiel bethought himself o' the skull that he had tappit in the window o' the kirk, and he gave a great shout and he slammed the door. But the wifie was inby.

"He went butt the hoose and he went ben the hoose, but

there she aye was by his side.
"Ewen was a brave man, like all his clan; but his blood went thick and his hair rose on his head. However, there was nothing for it, so he went to bed and she crept in beside him between the sheets, an' he lay over to the other side an' she vaxed oot her hand an' touched him, and with that icy touch he loupit out o' bed as if he had been scalded."

"Horrible, Calum," I said.
"Horrible it was," said Calum. "Then Ewen put on his clothes again and set out in the grey o' the morning and ran and walked the breadth o' Scotland till he came to Inverness. But when he went inby to his bedroom there was the auld wife beside him. So he slept nae better at Inverness than he had slept at Torness, and in the morning he slippit out again and made for Aberdeen."

"A long way!" said I.
"A long way!" said Calum; "but he was a famous runner was Ewen, and he got to Aberdeen that night and there on the doorstep o' the inn was the auld wife keekin' up at him under his oxster."

"And how did he get rid of her?" I asked.
"How could he get rid of her?" said Calum. "Try as he might, he couldna' tire the ould besom. He ran and walked

back to Inverness, and from Inverness he ran and walked back to his ain place, and there she always was, girnin' and wheedlin' an' thraipin' that she was his wife."

[No. 1516, TULY 16, 1030

Then what did he do?" I asked.

"Do! What should he do?" said Calum. "He got as thin as a rake, an' he couldna' sleep, an' he couldna' eat. For he knew that every night when he went back to his bed there she would be."

"So that's what they mean when they say, 'Whether he would or not, as the old wife came upon Ewen'?"
"That's it," said Calum. "So at long last he went to Michael Scott."

I had heard of the famous wizard. "And what did Michael Scott say?" I asked.

"He was an auld, auld man," Calum went on, "and he lived on an island in Loch Awe. And when Ewen told him of his plight, Michael considered and said, 'That would be Gormshuil. I knew her when she was a lassie, Gormshuil of the blue eves. She was an auld witch in her latter days, and was buried under an ash in Glen Nevis Kirkyard. A bonnie lass in her time!

"'Ye can hae her for me,' said Ewen.
"'Well,' said Michael, 'I will separate you from her; but perhaps you will not live long thereafter.'
"So the auld tyke gave Ewen a book, and

told him to open the book and follow the cailleach wherever she went, for, said he, 'She cannot escape ye as long as the book is open, and when ye catch her take hold of her and bring her to me. And here,' he said, 'is a poke to put her in when ye catch her.'

'So Ewen went home, and when the wifie

came sidlin' ben, he opened the book, and she gie a skirl an' traipsit awa', and Ewen after her with the book open, and wherever she went he followed her, and it is said that he followed her down to the gates of hell. Then when she saw him she couldna get away, she turned herself into a brindled cat, and Ewen got hold of her and put her in the poke, and took her back to Michael Scott on the island of Loch Awe. Then the auld man stroked that hellcat, and she purring and Ewen looking on in a scunner at them both.

'So Michael told Ewen what he must do, and Ewen went off with the poke on his back, and on the rock there he built that house of expiation. And he made a great fire and he put the cat on a spit of rowan wood and began

to roast her over the fire.

"Then the cat set up a yellin' an' a screechin' that brought all the cats in Lochaber up there on the rock. There was never sic' a congregation o' cats since this auld world began. Ewen keeping them off at the point of his dirk and them yammering and crying out against such treatment o' their kind.

"'This is no way to treat a cat,' they

kept on.

"' Hoots, dunna ye fash,' said Ewen, 'it will be better soon'; but they came at him in sic a toirm it was nearly all over with Lochiel, till presently a big black deevil of a Tom, called Righ nan Cat, the King o' the Cats, bade the rest stop their noise, and said it was no way for gentlemen to fight, and what did Ewen want?

"So Ewen said he wanted no more than to be divorced from old Gormshuil. Then Righ nan Cat made him promise to build six kirks in expiation, and Ewen let the brindled tabby go, and she took ae loup from you rock into the middle o' the pool in a hiss o' steam, and a' the rest o' the cats after her. . . . Look yonder!

A salmon leaped high and shook his silver sides in the centre o' the pool.

"We'll try yon one from the boat," said Calum; "but first we must have a new fly."

And did Lochiel build the kirks?" I asked as Calum looked through his fly-box for a Jock Scott of the right size for Cat Pool in that state of the water.

"Indeed that he did," said the Ghillie, "and you may see them to this day-at Arisaig and Morven and Kilkillen and Kilmallie and Kilchoan and Kildonan!"

Yes," he added, as he tied on the fly and pulled it tight, "that will catch him, whether he will or no, as the old wife came upon Ewen.'



Arthur Owen

AT CUMLODEN: LADY ANTONIA STEWART AND LORD GARLIES

The children of the Earl and Countess of Galloway at Cumloden, Newton Stewart, Wigtown-shire. Lord Garlies is the only son, and was born in 1928, and his sister is three years older

No. 1516, JULY 16, 1930] THE TATLER



"The Berkelev."

The Young 'un: "Dined with the old Colonel last night. He's very proud of his brandy. Marvellous old crooked bottle

and dated back a century or so."

"Was the stuff inside good?" The Old Stager:

The Young 'un: "To tell you the truth I was disappointed—it was rather flat and flavourless and much too sweet. Not a patch on this 'Cordon Bleu.'"

The Old Stager:

"Ah! It was a case of age — perhaps — without quality. In 'Cordon Bleu' you don't get a date but you do get Age and Quality."

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

PETROL VAPOUR: W. G. ASTON.

More Dream.

HIS is the second, concluding, and irrevocably final instalment of my dream of traffic reorganization, the beginning of which I inflicted upon some of you in last week's issue. I ended up, then, with Old Faulkner at the club trying to explain to me why I had been stopped on the Great West Road and compelled to finish my journey to town in somebody else's motor-car. "You couldn't," said he, "have come to a more appropriate place, nor a more appropriate person, for information; for really the whole scheme was devised in this very room, and I believe I was the true inventor of it. I was pointing out to my nephew, a rising young politician of immense energy, how absurd it was for a big car with one person only in it to take up, as I calculated, quite a hundred square feet of street, whilst a motor-bus with fifty passengers occupied only about half as much again. 'Uncle,' cried my nephew, 'you have hit upon the key of the traffic problem. We've got to get more people to the square yard of road and I'm the man to do it. I'll get Rotherbrook and Beavermere to back me, and I'll bet you that in three months' time the face of London will be changed!' Well, sir, the lad went off on his self-imposed task, and the way he did it is history. How he managed it I don't know, but he got county councils and police forces and all sorts of other bodies keen on his scheme and ready to give it a trial. Of course there was any amount of opposition from many car-owners, but as they have never been organized they couldn't do it any harm and had to knuckle under. Now that it is fait accompli they don't complain. On the contrary, they realize what an enormous amount of time and temper and trouble they are saved by leaving their half-empty cars at the zonal parks which have been established all round London and coming in as passengers in

somebody else's half-empty car. Naturally no one can just walk up to a park and ask for a cheap ride; he has got to arrive by car to qualify for a continuation of his journey. Delays? Well, there were some at first, but within a week everything was working smoothly, and the time saved within the four-mile radius more than made up for what was lost outside. You see the organizers had all the Ministry of Transport censuses to work from, and they knew exactly the rate at which various sorts of cars would come along. Now there is really no waiting to speak of. As a matter of fact millions of valuable man-hours are saved every day. I myself have many a time gone from this club to Colman Street inside ten minutes, which is twenty minutes quicker than it could have been done a year ago. And look at the petrol, and the oil, and the tyres that are being saved too.

Further Developments.

My nephew says he is only at the beginning of things. He's got the heavy transport problem to solve yet, but it is well in hand. Within a year there will not be within two miles of the Mansion House a goods vehicle with a wheel-base of more than 7 ft. The stuff will have to be done up in little parcels for the sake of mobility. My nephew tells me that by that time most of the London-going passenger cars will be 'Babies,' just big enough to hold four, or less, with equivalent luggage. Their owners will economize so much in time and money that they can well afford to keep their big cars out at Chiswick or Hendon or some such place. And then I suppose the scheme will have become national. At present only London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Birmingham have adopted it officially. Outside certain areas around those centres you can go as you please, but as about three-quarters of the car-owners in the country are directly affected by the scheme and find it pays, the others



A PARTY IN DOWNING STREET-A BIT BETTER THAN GLEE SINGING

For the first time in history a Prime Minister has entertained the cream of Covent Garden at 10, Downing Street, though not the first time that unofficial music has been heard in these sombre precincts, as a bit ago we heard something about a glee party given by the Chancellor. It was in the main due to Signor Autori's caricature of Mr. Snowden in "The Tatler" that this Covent Garden party happened, and six artistes headed by Autori were invited. During the evening the Prime Minister sent a wireless to Il Duce and received a gratified reply. In the picture, left to right, are: Autori, Mr. and Mrs. Snowden, the Prime Minister, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and Mr. John McCormack, the famous tenor

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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In our common interest we hope that you will give this letter as much publicity as you can.

Yours faithfully,

Chairman.

0

EVE at

By ELEANOR E. HELME

HERE are two big events to be recorded this week—a win for Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Elsie Corlett in the Midland Foursomes, and all the doughty deeds of the Yorkshire Handicap Challenge Bowl Meeting, played at Oakdale.

Meeting, played at Oakdale.

Miss Wilson and Miss Corlett were the holders of the Midland Foursomes, which have now become an annual and extremely popular event at Copt Heath, and to go through again when there were so many strokes to be given just shows that these two are indeed a mighty



Truman Howell

Mrs. Godfrey Evans (Tredegar Park), winner of the Monmouthshire County Championship, with Miss Littlehales (Pontypool), the runner-up. The latter is captain of the county team

siders herself a bad partner. This from a player who has twice been a runner-up in the Northern Foursomes, as well as twice winning these Midland Foursomes, seem to bespeak great humility. Miss Corlett is just the sort of player one would hanker for as a partner, so straight, so placid, so utterly unlikely to play destructive shots. So of course is Miss Wilson, her defeat with Miss Gourlay at Stoke Poges the other day notwithstanding.

Talking of Stoke Poges reminds one that the Veteran ladies put up a distinctly better fight against their male contemporaries than did the Ladies—spelt with a capital—against the Men in their little affair. The Veterans only received a third, the course was Sunningdale, the margin of their defeat only one point out of eighteen matches; certainly a feather in the Veterans' caps. Though let nobody think from this that the Veterans' wear such things. We might see them in a beret, but a cap—the sort of charming lace and velvet thing our grandmothers wore—never.

The Yorkshire Handicap Meeting is always an immense affair. This year was no exception to the rule, and Oakdale was the most hospitable of clubs, giving a number of prizes as well as the loan of their course. Ostensibly a handicap meeting, there are scratch prizes in the qualifying round on the second day for those who have failed to qualify, and,



At the Yorkshire Handicap Meeting held at Oakdale, near Harrogate: Mrs. Rothery, the winner of the County Challenge Bowl

pair. One would like to see them trying their luck (perhaps they will before long) in "Eve" Foursomes somewhere. In the final they defeated Mrs. E. L. Smith (who after several years of living in the Midlands is now back again at Sandy Lodge), and Miss Fyshe of Blackwell, 3 and 2. The amazing thing is that Miss Corlett is not a tremendous lover of Foursomes, and in fact con-

beating her predecessor in the title, Mrs. J. B. Watson, by no less than 5 and 3 in a club match. Elie and Earlsferry, where she learnt her golf, and from which club she entered for the Championship, gave her a presentation the other day. It was rather an unusual affair, for as it happens the captain of the club at the moment is Mrs. Holm's own mother, Mrs. Gray. To her Mrs. Holm formally

to live up to her high

position, vindicating it the other day by

Anateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photos of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Taller" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.

handed over the Scottish Cup for the

club's safe keeping during the year.

GOLF

in addition, the Inter-team Challenge Trophy is a scratch matter. That was won by Harrogate, who had to take what consolation they could from that success for the rather amazing failure of every one of their players to qualify. scratch prize in the qualifying round was tied for by Mrs. Clifford Kitson and Miss Rudgard with 78, the par of the course being 76, whilst the scratch on the second day went to Miss Judith Fowler's 81. Mrs. Kitson, indeed, had the great distinction of qualifying equal first under handicap, her 75 net tying with that of Mrs. Rothery, who is better known as Miss K. Priest. Not content with the County Challenge Bowl, the leader in each of the first divisions plays off for the Victory Bowl on the afternoon of the qualifying round. Mrs. Kitson, having lost the tie to Mrs. Rothery, the latter played Miss Hartley of Oakdale, who had returned 97—21=76. Miss Hartley won by 3 and 2. However, Mrs. Rothery went on to win the Challenge Bowl itself. her fortunes varying from a 6 and 5 win against Mrs. Kitson in the first round, to being taken to the 19th by Mrs. Mallin-

son in the second, and again in the final by Miss M. Johnson.

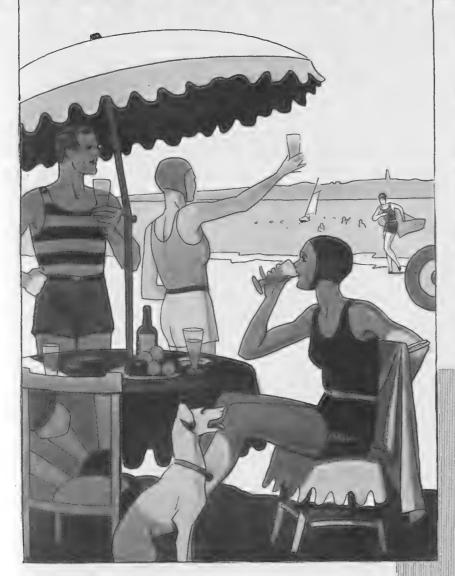
This Miss Johnson is the young player from Hornsea who just failed to qualify for the Girls' Championship two years ago, played in it last year, and is still eligible for it this year. Meanwhile she has come on apace, and did most excellently in the Yorkshire Championship in May. Though she has not earned a place in the county first team yet, one fancies that that honour must come before long, for she has length, a nice free swing, and seems to rise well to an occasion. It will be very interesting to see how she can do at Stoke Poges again, and Yorkshire may well have hopes that for the first time the Girl Champion will come from their county.

Mrs. Andrew Holm, the new Scottish Champion, continues



Mrs. Andrew Holm with her young sister, Miss Pamela Gray. Elie and Earlsferry, the club from which Mrs. Holm entered for the Championship, and of which Mrs. Holm's mother, Mrs. Gray, is captain, recently made a presentation to the new Scottish Champion

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



sea, or in the country is contemplated, Pond's famous creams will give the skin just those elements it require : sun. (Ŝee p. ii)

Fashions at the Grand Prix.

RAILING skirts and freak dresses with their terrible rags and tatters were banished at the Grand Prix; the tragedy of Hunt Cup Day at Ascot taught many a lesson that they will never forget; it is a foregone conclusion

that the leaders and censors of fashion will now go nap on simple outdoor modes with skirts that clear the ground by at least 2 in. Frenchwomen are endowed with a special dress sense and, although they ever conform to the dictates of Fashion, they

eliminate all bizarre notes. In the President's Box at the Grand Prix were two perfectly dressed women; at the first glance they seemed to be wearing chiffon dresses of snowy whiteness, but a closer inspection showed that they were patterned with the palest of pale cloud grey

-the result, a bloom-like effect that shimmered in the sunlight; the skirts were the same length all round, and their feet, beautifully shod in patent grey leather and crêpe de chine. like little mice peeped in and out. Reverting to the dresses, there were cleverly introduced gores in the skirts; they did not begin until the bend of the leg was passed, this had a very slimming effect. Large shady hats trimmed with grey ribbon, and grey gloves to the elbow were worn.

Hats and Capes.

Black always finds favour in the . eyes of Frenchwomen, therefore there were many dresses carried out in black chiffon relieved with touches of white. The well-night ubiquitous short cape had undergone The well-nigh a change; it was an integral part of the dress and was arranged to suggest artistic negligence. A new epaulette accessory was noticeable; it was of the same material as the dress and was attached to the shoulder seam, and more often than not was stiffened; it extended to the elbow and was finished with fur, although fur was not present on any other part of the frock. The picture hat had many representatives; the

most successful were worn at an angle that revealed the forehead: they were expressed in crinoline and very soft straw; lace hats were few and far between.

Concerning Weddingdress.

here have been few white weddings this season; that of Miss Maureen Guinness was one. Her dress was of white duchesse satin embroidered in a Botticelli design; the sleeves were tightfitting to the elbow; subsequently they assumed the character of angel sleeves and swept the ground. Her bridesmaids were attired in frocks of snow-white tulle (by the way, there were 55 yards of this fabric in each dress) strewn with crystals, and they carried bouquets of metal and crystal flowers. The Hon. Eileen Berry's dress was of the princess character, and was expressed in ivory crêpe satin, the train being

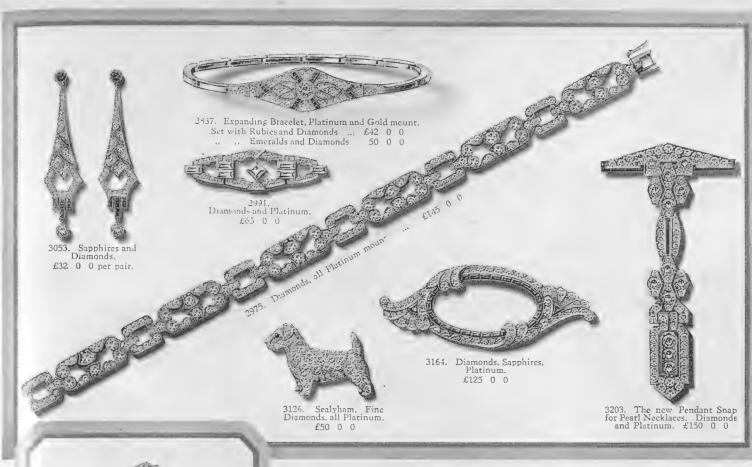
cut in one with the skirt. From the Anne Boleyn head-dress fell a white tulle veil. The bridesmaids' dresses were of pale turquoise-blue lace and tulle reinforced with miniature capes. They carried sheaves of pink roses. Russell and Allen are warmly to be congratulated on the bridal gown they made for Miss Joyce Grant, daughter of Admiral Sir Heathcote Salisbury Grant and Lady Grant; it was of gold and parchment lamé, a new fabric that has all the appearance of real gold and the subtle beauty of chiffon. The train was 12 ft. in length and was cut in one with the skirt; the scheme was completed with a lovely parchmenttinted veil.



This thoroughly practical Indiana raincoat comes from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, and although its life is well nigh unending it is available for 5 guineas. It is companioned by a variety of other raincoats.

(See p. ii)

The tailored suits will very smart this umn. Paul Elliott, autumn. 59, Knightsbridge, S.W., has designed and carried out this model in Scotch tweed. (See p. ii)





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PARIS, ROME, MONTREAL.

BUENOS AIRES. RIO DE JANEIRO ETC.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Thinking of Scotland.

And as the thoughts of many are on Scotland and the glorious Twelfth it is on Fashions for north of the Tweed that Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street, W., is focussing her attention. There are the suits made of the very best tweed obtainable; it is soft and souple, and at the same time is endowed with thoroughly workmanlike qualities; sometimes the ensembles consist of two, sometimes three, and sometimes four

pieces. Furthermore she is creating bérets of velveteen that are delightfully simple although complicated; they are particularly comfortable, which is an immense advantage when out with the guns. There are some women who are never happy unless they be wearing a felt hat, so for them she is showing some entirely new models; they are ideal for travelling and country wear in general.

Tweed Coats.

hen there are the long tweed coats with detachable and permanent linings; they may be of leather or a new fabric that has not been christened. No dress, no matter the fabricating medium, is complete without its set of beads, and these have to be chosen as carefully as any other item of the toilette. And now there comes the bombshell, that real diamonds and beads are seen in unison; of course they are not in the same ornament; for instance, the brooch may be of diamonds and the necklace of beads. Miss Barry declares that the great charm of the smartest Frenchwomen is that they give the impression that they are simply dressedno matter the cost of the gown. It is this wonderful simplicity that rules supreme in her salons.

The Simple Tailor-made.

It is when the summer is on the wane and the first hint of autumn is noticeable that the true tailor-made comes into its own again. Women who have a reputation for being well dressed are ordering autumn suits to-day, as during the warm weather prices are always reduced. Paul Elliott, 59, Knightsbridge, S.W., is responsible for the perfectly plain suit illustrated on p. 142; it is of Scotch tweed; the coat is lined throughout with crêpe de chine, nevertheless it would be made to order for 10¹ guineas. Patterns of materials and illustrations of other designs would be sent on application. The advance guard of the autumn wrap-coats have appeared in these salons. Standing out with prominence

is one of marine-blue faced cloth; it is perfectly cut, and there are well-nigh invisible strappings and insertions that have a particularly slenderizing effect on the figure. The collar and revers are expressed in summer ermine; the former is cut in such a manner that although it stands away from the column of the throat it never flops. A feature is made of coats for women of generous proportions; the slenderizing devices that are introduced are unique. The leather coats are from 12 guineas.

Practical Raincoats.

No one must consider their holiday-outfit complete unless it contains a raincoat that will do yeoman service. Attention must therefore be called to the Indiana raincoat pictured on p. 142; it comes from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W.; as will be seen, it is double-breasted and has Raglan sleeves. As its life is well-nigh unending it is really a gilt-edge investment for £5 5s. For those who do not wish to spend so much money

there are light-weight holiday macs for a guinea. 4 guineas there are the waterproof Japanese golf suits with short coats and wrap - over shirts.

It is safe to predict that ere the end of September there will be several heat-waves. therefore all and sundry must provide themselves with coatfrocks and wraps, and with this object in view a visit must be paid to Fenwick's; it was at No. 60, on the ground floor, that the outfit seen on this page was sketched. The sleeveless dress, which is primarily destined for tennis wear but would look well on a variety of other occasions, is carried out in Macclesfield crêpe in white and pastel shades; there is a certain amount of fullness over the shoulders; the shirt is arranged with practical pleats, a hip-yoke and belt; of it one may become the possessor for 69s. 6d. The coat is of Honan silk showing an old-world tapestry design printed in simply glorious colours; it is 49s. 6d. The cretonne hat to harmonize is 16s. 11d.; neither must it be overlooked that there are Lido

For Summer Days.

straw hats for 14s. 11d.

Two Famous Creams. No matter whether the holiday be spent in the country, amidst the snow-capped mountains, or by the sea, Pond's two famous creams-the cold and the vanishing—will be found of the greatest value, as they prevent sunburn and other blemishes. The cold cream should be used at night and the vanishing whenever an opportunity occurs during the day. After a sun bath the cold cream has a deliciously cooling effect and brings to the surface the tiny specks of dust and dirt which always gather in the pores. The soiled cream should be removed with a couple of the cleansing tissues; they are soft and absorbent and are simply thrown away after use. The skin freshener splashed on the face after the cold cream has

been removed banishes every trace of oiliness, bracing the skin, closing the pores, and bringing a flush of natural colour to the cheeks. The merest touch of the vanishing cream is then sufficient to give the skin that velvety surface which readily takes on a lovely delicate tan. This greaseless cream is pleasantly perfumed and forms a base to which powder clings evenly and lastingly, and as a consequence there is never the least suggestion of the much-dreaded shininess.



Picture by Blake A SIMPLE COAT AND DRESS

The latter is of white Macclesfield crêpe and the former in Honan silk showing an old-world tapestry design, the same shades being repeated in the cretonne hat. At Fenwick's, 60, New Bond Street, W.



OUR TENNIS LETTER

Results of Wimbledon

UITE the outstanding features of this year's Wimbledon have been the wonderful "come back" of America and the very disappointing showing of France. No less than four finals were composed entirely of American players, and in the fifth, the mixed double, there was still an American winner in the shape of Miss Ryan, who shared with Jack Crawford in carrying off the honours of the mixed double event.

It was a wonderful victory for William Tilden in the men's singles, and he must have felt delighted indeed when the final winning shot was played, and he was once more Champion, after an interval of nine years (he won the singles Championship in 1920 and 1921). I was very interested in his triumph, particularly as I had predicted it from the start of the meeting, having seen his many successes on the Riviera this spring, and having also realized that he was in wonderfully good condition. Nerves play an enormous part in Bill Tilden's game, and this summer his have never been so good. He had confidence in himself, his generalship (always one of his strongest points) was never at fault, and his service, particularly in his long match with Jean Borotra and his final against Allison, quite overwhelming. Certainly his wonderful cannon-ball deliveries just turned the scale in that wonderful five-set struggle with Borotra, while once more in the final, although the score in three straight sets may sound easy, it was only owing to his superb serving that he was able to break through Allison's game in the hard-fought second set.

Tilden certainly worked and trained very hard for his success, and he certainly deserved it. As I thought might happen, Henri Cochet was quite below his proper form throughout the meeting, and his early match with Timmer, the young Dutchman, showed that he was very far from being the tower of strength in adversity that we have become accustomed to consider him. He only just got home against Timmer's clever attack, and one felt that he had not his usual calm confidence in himself which has helped him so long and so often. Allison's victory was a very fine one and the winner deserves all praise, but the fact remains that while the young American played extremely well, the Frenchman played very badly indeed. Our English contingent did well up to a certain point, particularly young Perry, whose defeat of Baron de Morpurgo was one of the features of the meeting. Perry, however, collapsed before Dr. Gregory, who in turn could do very little indeed against Tilden, while "Bunny" Austin was somewhat disappointingly beaten by Mangin, one of the American contingent.

The ladies' singles once more showed Mrs. Wills-Moody at her very best, and I do not think I have ever seen her play better tennis than she did throughout the entire meeting. She hardly ever seemed to be fully extended, and even when her adversaries (as in the case of Madame Mathieu, who led two love in the second set) managed to secure a lead she continued, quite unmoved, to send over a stream of hard-hit drives which completely demoralized her opponents. She hit tremendously hard, both on back and forehand.

Next to Mrs. Wills-Moody I consider that, on the showing of the meeting, Madame Mathieu, the powerful-looking young French champion, deserves second place, for although she did not reach the final, she came far nearer to extending the champion than anyone else, and she also moved down the foremost English players with almost uncanny ease. Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Miss Joan Fry, and Miss Ridley were disposed of with almost equal ease, while Mrs. Satterthwaite, in the fourth round, was the only person to run her to a vantage set. Although she is quite some distance behind Mlle. Lenglen, the French are fortunate in having such a hard-hitting and capable successor in the shape of Madame Mathieu, who is only twenty-one and still likely to improve a good deal,

Miss Betty Nuthall came through a good many rounds very successfully, her hard driving against Mrs. McIlquaham (whom she defeated in two straight sets), being particularly convincing. The best performance amongst the newcomers in the women's singles was undoubtedly done by Miss James from Nottingham, who, having had to qualify in order to take part in the Championships, then proceeded to defeat both Mrs. Lycett and Miss Round. Miss Helen Jacobs annihilated her opponents until she reached Fräulein Aussem, who proceeded to beat her with the loss of only one or two games and then went on to her very dramatic semi-final with Miss Ryan, where she fainted dead away after a nasty fall in trying to retrieve an impossible ball, with the score at 4 all in the final set.

The absence of Señorita de Alvarez was very noticeable, while Mrs. Watson's withdrawal in all events was very unfortunate, particularly as she was partnered by Mrs. Godfree, who thus losing her partner, and not playing in the singles, had only one event, the mixed, in which she was playing with her husband and which she lost in the first round.

The ladies' doubles was more or less of a procession for Mrs. Wills-Moody and Miss Ryan, who were never at all pressed until the final, when their youthful opponents, Miss Palfrey and Miss Edith Cross, led them all the way in the second set, and were only just beaten at 0-7 "DROP-SHOT."

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Water Biscuits.

E ven those who are indulging in the strictest Spartan diet have nothing to say against Jacob's water biscuits as they know that they may eat them with impunity. More ordinary mortals eat these biscuits

A BOX OF JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS

because they really enjoy them. There are two very important points about them: (a) that they are made in several bakings of which the "high-baked" and "ordinary" are the most popular; (b) they have a definite nutty flavour which improves the taste of cheese or butter. These biscuits are sold loose in 1/2 lb. packets or in the 2s. tin.

.alique Mascots.

he passing

seems to cause no diminution of Lalique's energy, and his latest productions reveal the same fresh and enterprising spirit which first won the praise of critics and connoisseurs many years ago. Recently he has been making additions to the series of glass motor mascots which have become familiar accessories to high-grade cars. The latest model is called

Vitesse. With its lovely flowing curves, displaying the qualities of fine sculpture, this new work must surely rank among his greatest achievements. Fitted on a car, the figure can be illuminated in colour from a source concealed in the base, and the soft radiance produces an effect of

almost ethereal beauty. A limited number of copies of the Vitesse mascot, together with other new examples of his work, are now available in the comprehensive collection of modern glass at Breves' Lalique Galleries, 2, Basil Street, Sloane Street, Kensington.

Genoa to Australia.

The service from Genoa to Australia, which for some years past has been conducted jointly by the N.G.I. and Lloyd Sabaudo Lines, is being greatly improved by the introduction of large and modern cabin class motor vessels of about 10,000 tons gross (about 17,000 tons displacement). The first sailing will take place from Genoa on July 31. Further information can be obtained from the offices of the N.G.I. Line at 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1.



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The model illustrated above is a smart Coat of Prinsuède, trimmed with leather to tone. It is a de-lightful example of the fact that Prinsuède garments are smart as well as practical.

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Putting Drama on the Air By EAMON GARRY

I t used to be said that the theatre feared the cinema; it may yet be said that they will both fear radio because the desired the cinema; that they will both fear radio, because the tendency at Savoy Hill is to develop radio drama and radio revue. With the additional virtues that television will contribute, it is a practical proposition that staged entertainment will be heard by millions during the coming radio season, and possibly seen by millions next season when television becomes a marketed commodity.

The radio-casting of drama and revue has now become a highlyspecialized art. It is now possible to open with an act in a French café. fade-in to Scene II on a cross-Channel steamer, and another fade-in, this time to Victoria Station for the third scene. Dialogue and music and 'noises off" are all realistically blended to obtain the desired dramatic effect.

Behind the radio drama is a man and a mechanism. The man sits before what might be mistaken for a small organ. It has nine stops, and each stop is the controlling lever for a different microphone in one of the nine studios being used for the drama. In each of these studios is some essential item of the play—an orchestra in one, a chorus in another, the players in a third, the "effects" department in yet another, and so on. The man at the "organ" pulls out a stop and the orchestra fades-in

to a play; he pushes it back, and the orchestra disappears, while an actor. responding to another stop, declaims his dialogue.

Perhaps the most vital of all these contributory factors is the "effects" man. He is more than a one-man band. He is a one-man world. He can produce almost every conceivable sound associated with life, from a thunderstorm to a mouse squeak.

Many of these "effects" are obtained from gramophone records specially made for the purpose. I was present some weeks ago when Mr. Kessler Howes, the cleverest "effects" specialist in the theatre realm, made a series of these with instruments of his own invention. Thunder was ob-

tained by rattling large sheet of tin coupled with dull thuds by a flabby drum - stick on a loosened drumhead. Raindrops were peas falling down a wooden shoot. The wind was the outcome of turning an affair like a



THE "SILVER WINGS" COMPANY RADIO-CASTING THEIR MUSICAL COMEDY FROM SAVOY

grindstone but which was wooden shafts scraping over tautened canvas. Hissing escapes of air from an oxygen tube was a railway engine. By slowly rubbing a pad of emery paper on a sheet of emery paper the noise of surf-seas was obtained.

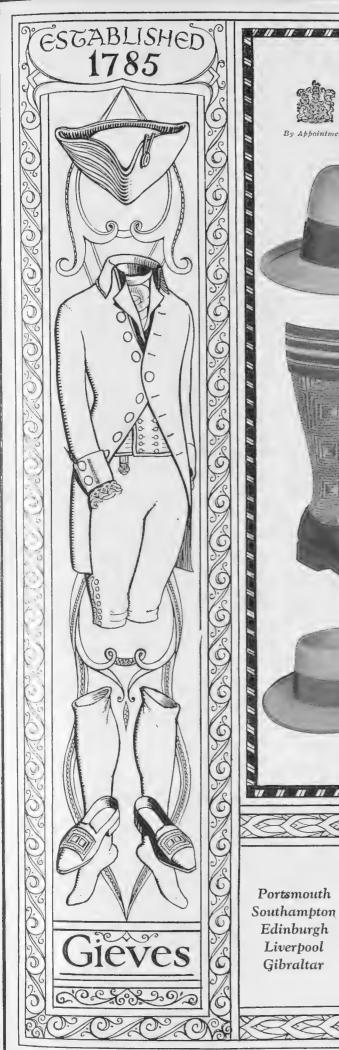
All these and many more are the magic with which Mr. Kessler Howes can reproduce Nature's elements. Made into records, they are used by the B.B.C. to colour radio dramas with convincing realism.

All this is being rapidly developed by the B.B.C., who have already given us Carnival and The Wrecker and The Prisoner of Zenda, and even Shaw's St. Joan. This aspect of radio-casting is being augmented by television, which a few days ago was responsible for a most significant experiment at which I was present. Forty men on top of one of London's tallest buildings, at midnight; at our feet a thousand lights marking the street map of the city; above us a million stars marking the milky ways of the heavens; in front of us a screen on which some artists were seen in a televised sketch.

It was a significant occasion, not for what it was, but for what it indicated.

There is every reason to anticipate that it will be in the direction of radio-drama that the greatest and most sensational developments will be made. It is part of the B.B.C. policy to concentrate considerably on this, and on two nights this week-July 17 and 18-one of Marie Tempest's greatest successes, Midsummer Madness, will be radio-cast. One of the members of the original cast of four who appeared in the play when it was originally produced at the Lyric Theatre-Mr. Frederick Ranalow-will take part in the radio revival. Just to suggest how vast the change may be by next season it would be interesting to know what Mr. Ranalow would have said, those years ago, if someone had told him in his Lyric dressing-room that in 1930 he would play the same part before an invisible audience of 10,000,000 people. Radio is entertainment, and the essential aspect of entertainment is change. It is impossible to foretell what radio-entertainment of to-morrow will be.

C.F.H.13





1930

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

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Pictures in the Fire-continued

leader should be—all audacity and devilment, a man for whom nothing was too hot or too heavy; one who was as famous "in the Courts of Venus as on the field of Mars." Lassalle was a terror with the Hers but a first-class fighting man, and in the end he made a most model husband, as so many of his temperament have before and after him. He was as devoted to his wife, Madame Leopold Berthier, as she was to him, and he died a soldier's death at Wagram—a bullet between the eyes at the end of that victorious day. He was only then thirty-three and he commanded a cavalry division.

Although the season is now over, I am asked to bring to the notice of any keen pork-butcher or pig-sticker the facilities for this sort of thing which are offered by that thriving institution the Tangier Tent Club, representatives of which were invited to foregather at that cheery show we had in London last year, the Hog-hunters' Dinner, but none of whom unfortunately were able to respond.

whom unfortunately were able to respond.

Pig-sticking was introduced into Morocco during the first half of last century by Sir John Drummond-Hay, for forty years British Minister

to the Court of Morocco. He at first used a Charles I rapier, found in the ruins of the old English mole at Tangier, and later introduced from India the use of the spear. It is now organized by the Tangier Tent Club, a body formed in 1892 by the foreign representatives for the purpose of utilizing the sporting rights granted to them by the Sultan in 1866. There is a cap of 10 pesetas, and a charge made for beaters for each day's hunting. Visitors are welcomed warmly.

warmly.

The club enjoys the sporting rights in the south-west of the Tangier zone over an area comprising snipe marshes, corkwoods, brushwood coverts, and open scrub and palmetto-covered country bordered by the Atlantic Ocean. The pig are normally driven from cover by beaters organized from the neighbouring villages, but spears sometimes accompany the line over open country in search of outliers. The coverts are impenetrable on horseback; the going between them is sporting but good. The pig-sticking season lasts from November to May, byedays being held fortnightly on an average. A camp is generally formed for a week or ten days soon after Easter. Underhand spears are used, and are provided by the club, which also endeavours to mount officers from the fleets



COMMANDANT AND MADAME LEON HEMELEERS

At the recent wedding of Lord Ava and Miss Maureen Guinness at St. Margarets, Westminster. Commandant Hemeleers is Assistant Military Attaché at the Belgian Legation in London

and garrison at Gibraltar and from the French and Spanish zones. Other visitors provide their own horses. The pig are of the large black variety, sus scrofa, and have been killed up to 42 in.—a really good pig. During the 1927–28 season fourteen pig were killed in fifteen days' hunting, their average height being 30 in.

So far as I can gather, they run it rather on the Kadir Cup system, that is, have a big camp at intervals and a ten-days' hunt.

The officers of the club are Mr. Hugh Gurney (president), Mr. W. Kirby Green (field master), Mr. C. G. Hope Gill (hon. secretary), and Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt (camp commandant).

Tangier, pig-sticking quite apart, is a most interesting place, because its founder—a gentleman named Antheus who was done in by Neptune, is buried there. Mrs. Antheus' name was "Tingo," and from it sprang Tangier. The famous oranges are of the true Garden of the Hesperides breed, as this well-known orchard is quite close—or at any rate was. Those early horse-dealers, the Phœnicians, also visited it—I will remind you that they tried to make a living in the Shetlands, and were the importers of the Shetland pony, but found the inhabitants one too many for them—and after them came the Carthaginians, and next wicket the Romans, and after them various other people, right down to the times of the pirates—who probably were very nice people when you got to know them well. However, all this ancient history apart, it seems a splendid spot for the brave.

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Polo Notes-continued

The 17th/21st victory by 8 to 1 over the Queen's Bays in the final of the Inter-Regimental was as great a certainty as anything can be on this earth, and the 17th Lancers and its linked regiment between them have to put up the most extraordinary record. As next year they will not be in England, as they are next on the roster for foreign service, I think the dates of the Inter-Regimentals won are due for being brought up to date. Here they are:

17th Lancers: India—1888, 1889, 1913, 1914; Rhine—1919; England—1903, 1904, 1920, 1921, 1922.

17th/21st Lancers: England—1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1928, 1929, 1930.

In 1927, their only defeat, the Gunners got home by 7 to 6—after a very fine game. Lieut.-Colonel V. N. Lockett, whose term of command expires this year, has played in every 17th and 17th/21st winning team from and inclusive of 1913 onwards, and two others of that fine team, Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill, the No. 1, and Major D. C. Boles, who was the back, and has now gone to the Blues, are both still serving soldiers and, as we know, playing polo just as well as ever. Captain H. B. Turnor, the No. 2, retired from the army and polo after the War, and

now lives in Grantham and is very well known with the Belvoir. It is great thing that this fine four which laid the foundation of this marvellous sequence of wins found a younger generation well able to uphold the great polo tradition - a n d wherever the combined regiments may go they will, I predict, carry on. Another ex-17th Lancer Regimental polo team unit, Sir Harold Nutting, is now Joint Master of the Sir Quorn. Sir Harold Nutting was the No. 1 in the team which was beaten in 1905 by the Inniskillings. This is a fact not generally known.



LIEUT.-COLONEL VIVIAN LOCKETT AND GENERAL SIR DAVID CAMPBELL

At the Aldershot Command Horse and Hound Show.
Sir David Campbell is-G.O. C.-in-C., Aldershot, and
Colonel Lockett has been in every 17th and 17th/21st
Lancer Army polo team since 1913 in India. An
unbeatable record in Inter-Regimental polo

old 17th Lancer teams in which Lieut.-Colonel Ted Miller played in India in 1888 and 1889, and says that he is glad that someone remembers, as he does, what good teams they were. Every man jack of them was a first-class performer on a horse, Lord Ava especially so, for it was a pleasure to see him sit in the saddle—so, of course, were E. D. Miller and W. G. Renton, the latter a very strong horseman and the back of the 1888 team. The second Mrs. Renton still hunts in the Pytchley country, and I saw her only last season when we had that good go from Loatland to Blue Covert, and I was lucky enough to be riding one of Frank Freeman's horses (thanks to the kindness of the senior Joint Master), and so did not get spread out on the carpet as so many of the 300 who went away with them did. It was said that there were only thirty left at Blue Covert; but who counts the heads on that kind of occasion I don't know; anyway Mrs. Renton went very well. There is also an old Queen's Bay whom I expect was very went. There is also an old gueen's Bay whom I expect that very interested to see his regiment again in the final, and that is someone who in the old times was Mr. W. H. Persse and is now "Atty" to almost everyone who knows him. He was in the Bays' winning team in India of 1892, 1893, and 1894. I am afraid that not many more of those Bays' teams are left, but with "Atty" were during these three years Mr. V. G. Whitla (1892), Captain Kirk, and Mr. C. K. Bushe, and in 1893 and 1894, Mr. H. W. Wilberforce was the No. 2 in place of Mr. Whitla. Mr. Wilberforce is now, of course, Brigadier-General Sir H. W. Wilberforce, and I expect he and other Bays have high hopes for the future now that the 17th/21st are going foreign.





When you choose your swimming suit, BE SURE it has the Jantzen Red Diving Girl emblem on the skirt or on the label. This mark of quality assures you that you are getting a suit that fits you smoothly and snugly ALWAYS, without a wrinkle, when either wet or dry. Will not sag or stretch out of shape. Knitted with the famous Jantzenstitch, the Jantzen gives you real swimming freedom and ease. The Jantzen Red Diving Girl emblem is your assurance of outstanding quality and style. A Jantzen keeps you warm, dries quickly, because only the finest long-fibre wool is used. The shades are smart, fashionable and attractive. Models for men, women and children at leading shops. Your weight determines your size. Ask your merchant for a free Jantzen Color Guide or write Jantzen Knitting Mills, Ltd., Walmar House 296 Regent St., London, W.1, England. The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

A marked feature of the present dog is the providing of "Obedience Classes" at shows for different breeds of dogs. This movement is extending. Pekingese even have had their Obedience Class! This is all to the good; the more interest that is taken in training dogs the better; and the better a dog is

trained, the better for himself and his owner. Some people fail lamentably in rudimentary ring training even, and one sees dogs in the ring without a trace of ring manners"—a anisery to themselves misery and an irritation to the luckless judge.

T have a very interest-I ing letter from Mrs. Foljambe. She has lately returned from a shooting trip in East Africa, which was a failure owing to tor-rential rains. On reaching home she found her Rhodesian ridgeback lion dogs all well and increased in number. Mrs. Foljambe wishes to sell two dogs and a bitch eighteen months



BEDLINGTON TERRIERS The property of Miss Sturt

bitch eighteen months old, also some young puppies to make room for coming litters. Mrs. Foljambe is very anxious to get more people interested in these dogs, as she is so much away she is afraid she will otherwise have to give them up. This would be a great pity as she has spared neither trouble nor expense in getting together the right type, and ridgebacks are most attractive dogs, very intelligent and specially good guards, though gentle with children and those they know. They are also good trackers. The photograph is of the dog Khami. Ridgebacks are fine dogs, handsome to look gentle with children and those they know, photograph is of the dog Khami. Ridgebacks are fine dogs, handsome to look at, while the "whorl" down the back is an unusual and attractive characteristic.

Mrs. Foljambe is always pleased to show her dogs to anyone passing, and Osberton is quite near the Great North Road.

M iniature bull-terriers are one of the breeds that are "coming again." At one time there were quite a lot about, then they rather suffered eclipse, but now are recovering ground rapidly. They are most handsome, smart little dogs. Mrs. Adlam sends a photograph of some of hers; they weigh under 12 lb., and are very game, and excellent guards. Mrs. Adlam adds: "They are very hardy, and like their larger brethren they have the advantage of short coats, no trouble to keep in order."

I have a note from Mrs. Renton, who has charge of Lady Carlisle's dogs. She says "Lady Carlisle's dachshund Daisy has a beautiful litter of black and tan pups by Ferney Boy. Great care was taken in selecting a sire to obtain a really distinguished blend of colour. The results amply justify the trouble taken." The puppies are for disposal, and Mrs. Renton will supply all particulars.



MINIATURE BULL. TERRIERS

The property of Mrs. Adlam

The property of Mrs. Adlam

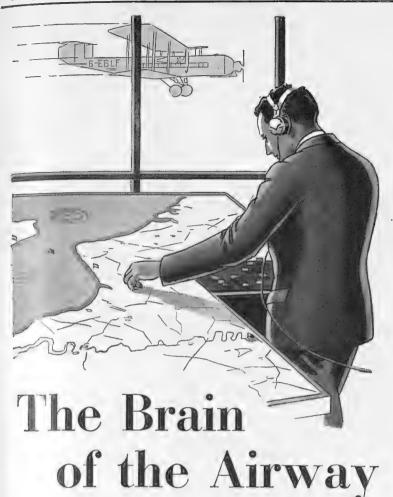
As a sporting terrier the Bedlington is in the first rank. He is game to a degree, and nothing comes amiss to him in the way of sport. As his name shows he originally came from near the Border, that home of so many good sportsmen. There are various theories as to his origin, but he has been well known for many years. His appearance can best be described by that much misused word "quaint," there is no other breed of dog of at all the same appearance. Lately he has come very much into favour and is seen about a great deal.

Miss Sturt sends a lovely photograph of a brace of her terriers. She has done very well with them lately, and now has some for sale, both adults and puppies, including a specially attractive blue dog, house-trained and over distemper. This dog will make an ideal companion. This He is just fourteen months old.

All letters to be addressed to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks; Cadnam, Southampton.



RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK The property of Mrs. Foljambe



IRWAYS signalling is carried out mainly by wireless. Each Imperial Airways aeroplane carries wireless transmitting and eceiving gear, and the pilot is constantly in fouch with aerodromes on his route. He can be iven weather warnings and reports of flying conditions ahead, he can be given any informaon as to fog, or he can be given his own position peedily and accurately by means of wireless direction finding, which in many instances has been used to guide aircraft in thick fog to a point bove their aerodromes of destination. Traffic Controller knows within a few miles the whereabouts of each aeroplane on the London-Continental routes.



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C.F.H. 39

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Lafayette
MISS GWEN ASTBURY

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Astbury of Broadclyst, Beckenham, Kent, who is engaged to Mr. Charles Christian Luis Nielsen

Parish Church, Ashtead, on July 29; Dr. Robert Burgess and Miss Esme Middleton have chosen August 7 as the date for their marriage at St. Mary's, Birnam; and two days later Mr. P. L. E. Rawlins of the Temple marries Miss Evelyn Fearnley Sander at the English Church, Bruges.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Richard Norman
Christie, the Gordon
Highlanders, the only son of

Weddings and Engagements

Marrying Shortly.

On July 19 Mr. B. J. F. Malcolmson of 103, St. George's Square, S.W., is marrying Miss V. Leigh Ibbs of 31, Tregunter Road, S.W., at St. Matthew's Church, Bayswater; Mr. Edward Richard Sharpe and Miss Ivy L. Bates are being married quietly at Holy Trinity Church, Maidstone, on July 26; another July wedding is that between Mr. David Sumner Milford and Miss Elizabeth Mary Stainer, which takes place at the

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. J. Christie of Hoddesdon, Herts, and Miss Norah Elsmie, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. F. Elsmie of Pigeon House Meadow, Beaconsfield; Mr. Robert Norman Hawes, the second son of Mr. George Hawes of Eastwood, Roehampton Lane, and Miss Isla Betty Knowles, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. R. Knowles of Cheyne House, Chelsea, and granddaughter of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E.; Lieut.-Commander Maurice



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD NAPIER GREEN

Photographed after their wedding on June 18 at St. Andrew's Church, Earls Colne. Mr. Edward Napier Green is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Green of Theydon Priory, Theydon Bois, Essex, and the bride was formerly Miss Elizabeth Christine (Betty) Hunt, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hunt of Earls Colne, Essex



MISS SYBIL RHODES

Who is marrying Mr. Reginald Ridgway in October, is the daughter of the late Mr. Hubert Manfield and Mrs. Rhodes of Warwick Mansions, W.

M. Bond, R.N. (Ret.), the son of Colonel and Mrs. Bond of 16, Ovington Square, S.W., and Miss Elizabeth Mary Morgan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Morgan of Calcutta; Mr. John Pumphrey, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pumphrey of Hindley, Stocksfield, Northumberland, and grandson of Mrs. Moberly Bell, and Miss Violet Frances Bosanquet, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet of Rock, Alnwick, Northumberland.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acidindigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and

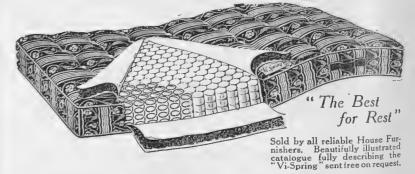
clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.



Put a "Vi-Spring" on your bed and say good-bye for ever to those hard lumps which make real refreshing rest impossible. Where sleep is concerned, nothing gives such faithful service as the Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress. You can never tell its age: after years of service its soft resilient springs still dispense that exquisite comfort which makes every night a night of luxurious rest.

The "Vi-Spring"—the original mattress with pocketed springs—has for over 25 years been acknowledged as the most comfortable and durable mattress ever made. It is the most widely used mattress for the equipment of the best-appointed homes and hotels, and is installed in the finest liners.



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sanely sober to the really riotous! That's what Oyler sends you when you ask about Loose Covers. His pattern book shows every price. It is surprising how little you have to pay for such fine car-tailoring.
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Petrol Vapour—continued

are coming in of their own accord. My nephew says that he has halved the number of cars daily in use in Inner London, and that he has nearly doubled their passenger miles on the average. Whether he will get a peerage in the next Honours List I won't conjecture—I think I deserve some little tribute myself—but whatever happens, the motor trade ought to give him a handsome testimonial. You don't see why? Well, he hasn't reduced the actual number of cars in use; all he has done is to use them more efficiently. And look at the liberal education every motorist gets now. He rides in a couple of different cars every day, and so he gets to know as much about cars, and what cars should be, as a technical journal-I am told that as a result the manufacturers are building much better cars than they were even a few months ago. Well, so much for an outline of the Big Change; the rest you will see for yourself in a very short time if you come up to town at all." With that the old chap left me to tackle a new victim, whilst I finished my whisky and prepared to leave. Within a few yards of the steps of my club stood one of those gaily-uniformed Controllers of Road Transport. I showed him my chit. "My car is in the park on the Great West Road. Can you get me to it?" "Shan't be more than a minute or two, sir. You could change at Kensington, but it'll be quicker to get a 'through' car. Ah! Here you are, sir!" A magnificent 6½-litre Bentley had swum into view and stopped at the Controller's signal. Within five seconds I was reposing in the most luxurious cushions ingenuity could contrive or money buy. "D'you mind if I go pretty quick," inquired the driver with a smile. To which I made the suitable response, and settled down even deeper—for I would sooner not watch the way other people negotiate thick traffic. And I felt that just the wee-est nap would not come amiss. And we were drifting blithely westwards, and the car was running perfectly, and I was supremely comfortable and wondering when I should have to get out and reclaim my own old hard-used bus . . . and suddenly a thing in an apron and cap brutally entered my vision with a "Your tea, sir, and the mistress says would you mind starting extra early this morning so as to avoid the traffic." So that was that. It was all very vivid and impressive and it left me with the triumphant conviction that inspiration, or revelation, had solved the great question of modern time through my humble instrumentality. But when I had barged my way up to the West End that morning I had come to the conclusion that the thing was altogether too big for me. Therefore I make any would-be reformer a altogether too big for me. Therefore I make any would-be reformer a present of my wonderful dream. It is his free, gratis, and for nothing. It can be played, or worked, without fee or licence.

New Baby.

or some little time rumours have been floating around about a new edition of the Austin Seven. To many thousands of owners of this delightful little machine there can have seemed but little need to make changes; but it would not do to standardize indefinitely. Progress must The new Austin Seven coachbuilt and fabric saloon, offered at £140, will demonstrate that such progress has been made. There has not been much change in the chassis, barring that both brake and hand-lever equally apply all four-wheel brakes. A good thing this, undoubtedly There is more accommoda-But in the body-work much has been done. tion—either model takes four persons quite easily—there is pneumatic upholstery, there are doors on both sides, there are much more graceful lines, there are big improvements in the windscreen, the windows, and the fittings generally. What has been done in the way of enhanced performance I do not know, but in the past the Austin Company have always put a little extra "pep" into their new models, and I expect that in the latest Baby there will be no exception to that rule. But "extra pep" or no, it is clear that the new Austin Seven represents a big improvement.

Interesting Development.

Sometimes it seems to me that even in such a go-ahead thing as automobile engineering, history still has a habit of repeating itself, About the year 1907 I often used to drive a car which had a direct third and an indirect and over-geared top. I fancy that about this time Rolls. Royce, amongst others, made a gear-box of this type. That car was a very joyous thing to handle. It had not too much power to boast of, and most of its work was done on third; but when you got a long stretch, for preference a little downhill, it was a delight to let the motor just "tumble around" like a straddle-bug at about 1,000 r.p.m. while the car was clipping along at an honest forty. That sort of scheme went out with the coming of engines that had longer speed-scales, until of late we have developed the motor that does almost everything on top. And a very pleasant thing it is too. But now, I believe, we are going to make progress by going back, in a sense, to the older idea. As Mr. Percy Martin points out to me, one of the great advantages of the "fluid fly-wheel" plus Wilson-Armstrong Siddeley self-changing four-speed gear-box as fitted to the new 20-30-h.p. Daimler is that you can have a silent and quite high third on which you can do practically all your normal running, and, in addition, a top which will give you high speed with an engine that is just lazily lolloping round at r.p.m. that can't possibly hurt it, and what is equally to the point, cannot obtrude themselves upon the folk in Much the same idea is adopted in the Hudson Straight-Eight.



You have only to see the Lanchester Straight Eight to realise the extraordinary development it represents in motor-car design. Motoring experts agree that it ranks foremost amongst the World's most famous Cars. You should see also the smaller Lanchester—the 21 h.p. 6-cylinaer model. Both are outstanding examples of the best that the Motor Industry of the World produces. Full particulars gladly sent on request. Trials by appointment.

O matter where one investigates in this Lanchester chassis one finds that the designer has been there first. Every small detail has been thought out with a thoroughness which is quite refreshing. Nothing has been left to chance, and everything has been made and designed so that any adjustments or repairs which may be necessary can be carried out with the utmost despatch and with the least possible trouble.

A. Percy Bradley, in "The Sphere" 12/4/30.

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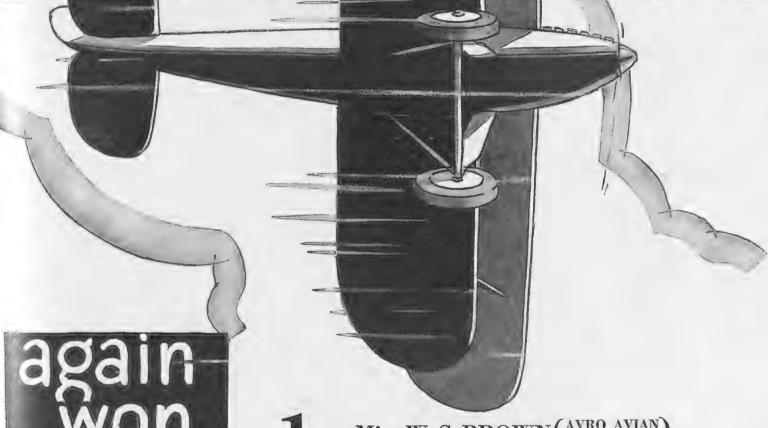
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CAR CAMEOS

The 20-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam Weymann Saloon

This is an A1 car. I am not at all surprised to learn that it is one of the warm favourites in the fairly big Sunbeam range, for it has all the qualities that have ever been associated with that eminent name, to say nothing of other desirable characteristics that are peculiarly its own. First of all there is a "feel" about

this car which instantly convinces you that it is far out of the ruck. I do not know whether this feel—I wish I had words wherewith to express it, or instruments whereby I could measure it, and so set it down in terms of cold figures-comes from an unusually meticulous care in original workmanship or in a severe testing process under which even the minutest error is corrected. Probably it comes from a combination of both. But there it is all the same, and the truth is that very few cars-British cars show it more than others -impress one instantly with its possession.

For me cars almost automatically divide themselves into two classes. Of one I say, both to myself and in print, "This is so good that I can hardly find a fault with it . . . and yet I do not see myself buying one with my hard-earned cold cash." Of the other, "This thing has sunbeam we little faults. And yet it is a car that I could dearly love. I could make big sacrifices to become the owner of it."

The 20-h.p. Sunbeam placed itself very positively in the second category within its first five-and-twenty miles in my hands. Thereafter several hundred miles followed without giving the smallest sign that it had got its place other than by an absolutely fair and irrefutable claim.

Mrs. P. V. drove it a good distance, and she liked it as much as I

did, which is saying quite a lot.

To come to a more detailed description, the thing that makes an overwhelming appeal to one, whether in traffic or in the open country-and we did plenty of both—is the behaviour of the power-plant. It is just under 3 litres in capacity, and it has any amount of push and go, and yet it

suggests all the time that its six cylinders are just about twice as big as the 75 mm. by 110 mm. that they actually are. On top, even from the veriest crawl, there is never any suggestion of shudder or harshness, never that eloquent but tacit plea, "Oh, Mr. Driver, please do change down for a yard or two.'

And this engine must be of pretty high efficiency, for the car is a good mover; make no mistake about that. With a full load on the level sixty. five comes very quickly on the dial, and I fancy that there is at least

another 8 m.p.h. to come when conditions are fairly favourable. A good test for any car of moderate power is the climb from the front at Eastbourne up the hair-pins to Beachy Head. The 20 Sunbeam, on top, and with five up, picnic baskets and goodness knows what all, metaphorically, laughed at this, although owing to the exigencies of traffic there was never a chance of opening the throttle up even or the straights. I call this a thoroughly good performance. Lesser cars will do it with an assured clear run, but it is quite a different thing when most of the climb has to be done on half-throttle or something smaller.

Sunbeam has an oil-cooling This radiator tucked away between its dumbirons, and as it happened, I chanced to give this contrivance a test. We stuck for half an hour in a jam of traffic in a breathless Sussex lane, or at least we " ceeded" at the rate of about 1 m.p.h. I

deliberately kept the engine going just to see what would happen. Not only was there no boiling (Sunbeams have always been properly cooled), but the oil-pressure never dropped, showing that in spite of these trying

conditions the lubricant was retaining its viscosity.

The only two things I did not like about this car were the stiffness of the steering when manœuvring (it is, however, perfectly light when running) and the fact that the brakes pulled to the right. This last is running) and the fact that the brakes pulled to the right. a matter of adjustment, but on a car otherwise so unexceptionable I could not but think that this sort of blemish ought to be utterly eliminated. I don't suppose one 20 Sunbeam in a dozen suffers from it. It did not, besides, dilute my strong love for this car . . . but there it was.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE 20-H.P. 6-CYLINDER SUNBEAM WEYMANN SALOON

() "The World's most perfect Pump" FOOT-PUMPS

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Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for 5s. weekly to help an old lady and her daughter whose lives were changed in two days from comfort to penury. The husband was a clerk in the Court of Sessions for many years; he was a kind man but refused to give his family any knowledge

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W. J. Johnson

W. J. Johnson

AN INTERESTING (CRICKETING)
DOCUMENT

The signatures of the Australian cricket team, which were collected when they visited "His Master's Voice" big factory at Hayes, Middlesex

o help 2:
s from A

of his financial affairs. On his death after twentyfour hours' illness a few
months ago there was not
a pound to his credit in
the bank, and no life insurance policy had been
taken out. Luckily his
widow was eligible for the
Old Age Pension, and on
10s. weekly, augmented by
a little help from friends,
both mother and daughter
subsisted. Although in
very delicate health, the
latter managed to get a
post as a care-taker, but
her earnings are only just
sufficient to cover the
rent. They are a pathetic
couple, bravely making the
best of hardships although
their past comforts make
their present troubles
doubly difficult to bear.
We are most anxious to
give them a helping hand
during these difficult
times, and plead for £13 to
give an allowance during
the coming year.

The Ashridge Players, under the patronage of the Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., will present Milton's Comus, a masque with the original music by Henry Lawes, in the gardens of Ashridge, at 3 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.,

on Friday, July 18, and Saturday, July 19, in aid of the Ashridge Endowment Fund. Reserved tickets, bookable in advance, at 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 2s. 4d. (including tax), can be obtained from Captain H. Gordon, Secretary of Ashridge Players, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts, or the usual libraries.

A sy scenes took place at Oatlands Park, Weybridge, recently, when Laddie Cliff inaugurated the new open-air swimming-pool in the lovely grounds laid out at the command of Henry VIII nearly 400 years ago. Oatlands was originally built for Henry's fourth wife, Anne of Cleves, but she never really lived there. Later, however, Queen Elizabeth took a great fancy to the place. Quite near the new swimming-pool is the terrace on which the Virgin Queen loved to indulge in the sport of archery, and two tall trees still mark the longest distance sped by an arrow from her bow; they were planted to commemorate the record. There was something almost Elizabethan about the colourful spectacle around the swimming-pool on Saturday, though Elizabeth would scarcely have approved of the new backless woollen bathing suits, with extremely abbrevi-

ful spectacle around the swimming-pool on Saturday, though Elizabeth would scarcely have approved of the new backless woollen bathing suits, with extremely abbreviated pants which a group of lovely mannequins were displaying to advantage. Seventeen of the prettiest chorus girls of the Gaiety, similarly clad in costumes of bright red, green, blue, and orange, also graced the scene; they escorted Mr. Laddie Cliff when in a few humorous words he formally declared the bath open.

In our issue of June 25 we published a photograph of the film star, Sari Maritza, in the film Greek Street, under which we stated that this film had not found its way to England at the time of going to press. This film is a Gaumont-British production made in England, but so far has not found its way to America, and we apologize for our misstatement.



MRS. IVOR NICHOLSON

The charming wife of Mr. Ivor Nicholson, C.B.E., who has recently given birth to a son. Before her marriage she was Miss Patricia Stoker, and is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graves Stoker





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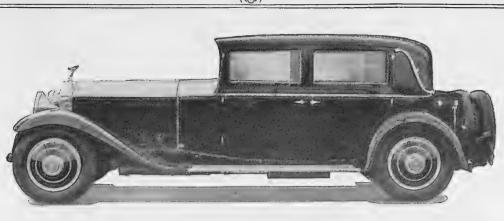
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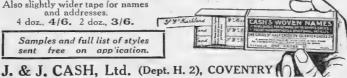
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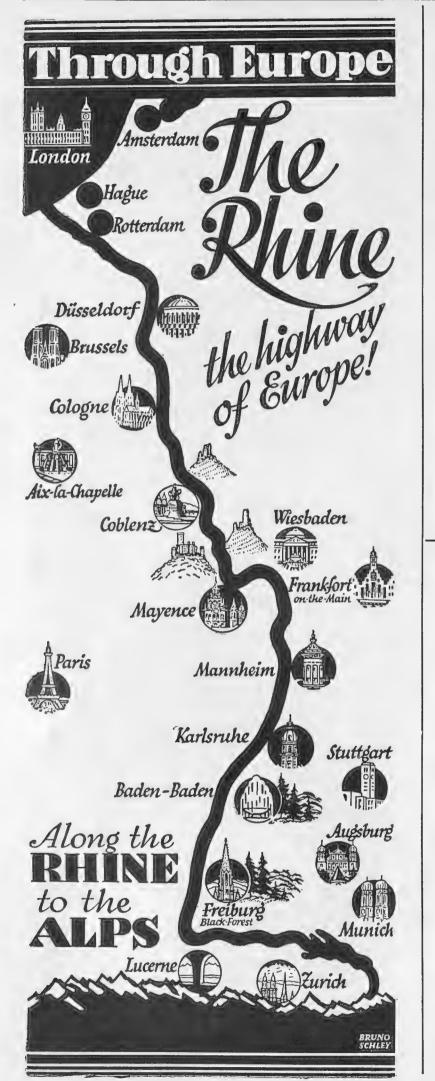
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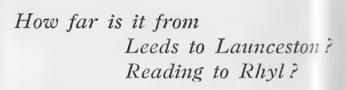
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will carry two or three
dresses in this manner.

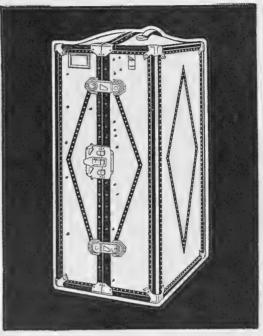


Trousers should be suspended from the bar to hang so that the waist just clears the ground. Skirts are hung from the waist-band. All coats and jackets are packed so that their fronts are facing the inside of the trunk, and the sleeves are then drawn slightly to the rear, thus keeping the lapels free from creasing. from creasing.

A genuine Innovation is the easiest and most comfortable trunk to use, but like everything else, its efficiency depends much upon correct usage.

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(illustrated above) 65/-

Model M.391

Smart Maternity Frock made in many pretty designs of printed voile on light or dark backgrounds. The collar and jabot are of a contrasting shade of 55%

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Specialists in Everything for Mothers, Babies and Children. (Dept. J.T.32), 103, 0XFORD ST., LONDON, W.1 Nearly opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth's.



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HIGH CLASS QUALITY RUBBER

GARDEN HOSES

MERRYWEATHERS'
Famous "VERY BEST," "RED GREY," and "GREY" Brands
"will outlast six ordinary hoses,"

WATERING AND SPRAYING **APPLIANCES**

For Gardens, Sports Grounds, Golf Greens, Orchard Spraying, etc.

Write for Catalogue and Samples of hoses,

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Superfluous Hair

Gone in 3 Minutes!

VEET not only removes ugly hair on arms and legs instantly, but delays its re-appearance for an amazingly long time.

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HE is contented, he croons and smiles, yet once he used to cry and fidget continuously. Mother and nurse noticed that his little arms and legs were red and chafed, but his skin was so tender no powder seemed to ease it. Then they started using Taylor's Cimolite Powder, which took away all the redness and soreness—and now he's such a happy little man! Cimolite Toilet Powder relieves chafing and redness. Ask for Cimolite Powder in the new sprinkler tin. Prices from 1113 Cimolite Face Powder, the perfect face powder. Made in five shades 1113, 31- and 313 Compacts, made in five shades. Complete with puff 11- Trille Conser. Takes 113 Posts 116

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Fresh up from Somerset every morning.

Prices 2d. and 83d.

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Super Springiness and 3 other advantages

"Rubbaserfis," Gazes New Hard Tennis Court, supersedes older types in all these ways.

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Come and play upon this new Court at the Gazeway. 'Phone Kingston 8000 for a car to meet

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FAMOUS DAVIS CUP PLAYER SAYS"100% BETTER



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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

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A Tense Drama of the East



Just One of the many fine stories in the July Issue

BRITANNIA

"NIGHT LIFE THE WORLD OVER," by
Lady Drummond Hay.
"THE CAPTAIN HAD A DAUGHTER," by
Beatrice Grimshaw.
"ROYAL ROMANCES," by Evelyn Graham.
"THE HAZARD," by Jeffery Farnol.
"WHY I HATE PROVERBS," by Beverley
Nichols.

"CLEVER WOMEN AND SOLDIERS," by

Storm Jameson.
"OBERAMMERGAU . . . AND AFTER," by

Hannen Swaffer.

"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY." The story of HONORIA.

"JAMES LAMP," by E. F. Benson.

"WRITING ONE'S WAY ROUND EUROPE," by Ferdinand Tuohy.

"DEAR THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE," by Christine Jope-Slade.

"TIGER SNAKE," by Rex Beach.

"GOOD TASTE AND BAD," by Harold

Nicolson.
"STABLE INTO STUDIO," by Humphrey Joel and Peggy Fremantle.
"TUPPENCE COLOURED," by Sydney

"TUPPENCE COLOURED," by Sydney Tremayne.
"UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA AND OVER-EXPLORED AMERICA," by Arnold Palmer, "IDOL," by Barbara Hedworth.
THE WEEK-END WARDROBE.
SIMPLE FROCKS FOR HOLIDAY TIME.
"MADAM WILL YOU BATHE?" by Mary Graham.
"LAST MINUTE HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS," by Madge Garland.
ABOUT NECK-WEAR, BAGS AND BELTS.
FOR THE MODERN SUN WORSHIPPER.
SUMMER ENSEMBLES.
"SUMMER USES FOR ELECTRICITY," by Michael Egan

"As Philip lay awake in his own bungalow, deeply stirred, unaccountably excited by the incidents of the past few hours, he told himself it was rather rotten of Geoffrey to fling a wet blanket over his wife's first evening on the plantation. But probably he was tired. That was a long, dull trip on the Van Baalen. Evelyn, too, had seemed tired; there were faint crescents of weariness under her eyes. Lovely little bird - like creature; frank and clean and ingenuous. Surely she couldn't know her

husband's history. To Mara the beautiful memsahib soon become a goddess. The moment she had entered that living room and smiled at him he had become her slave, and as time went on his devotion grew until, with the exception of Evelyn's Malay maid, he would permit no one to do

anything for her.

Evelyn entered into the life at Bukit Satu with an admirable zest. She did much to make both bungalows livable without interfering with the masculine comfort, and in boots, khaki shirt, and sun helmet she went shooting crocodiles or deer with Geoffrey and Philip. With them she fished for sharks, rock cod and pink parrot fish; not once did she complain of the heat, the leeches, the mosquitoes, nor the torrential rains. She was a good little sport and a charming companion.

Despite Evelyn's buoyancy of spirits, however, Philip was not slow to realise that she was unhappy. Frequently there was a pained look in her eyes, a look of bewilderment and of fear; often she was unnaturally quiet, and a plaintive, inquiring pucker fixed itself between

her brows.

Geoffrey, too, had changed. He was no longer the genial pal Philip had known. Frequently he was bitter and morose; around the bungalow there was more than a hint of tension..."

Read the whole story-"Tiger Snake," by Rex Beach.

Take it with John to the



